

BEADLE'S POCKET Library

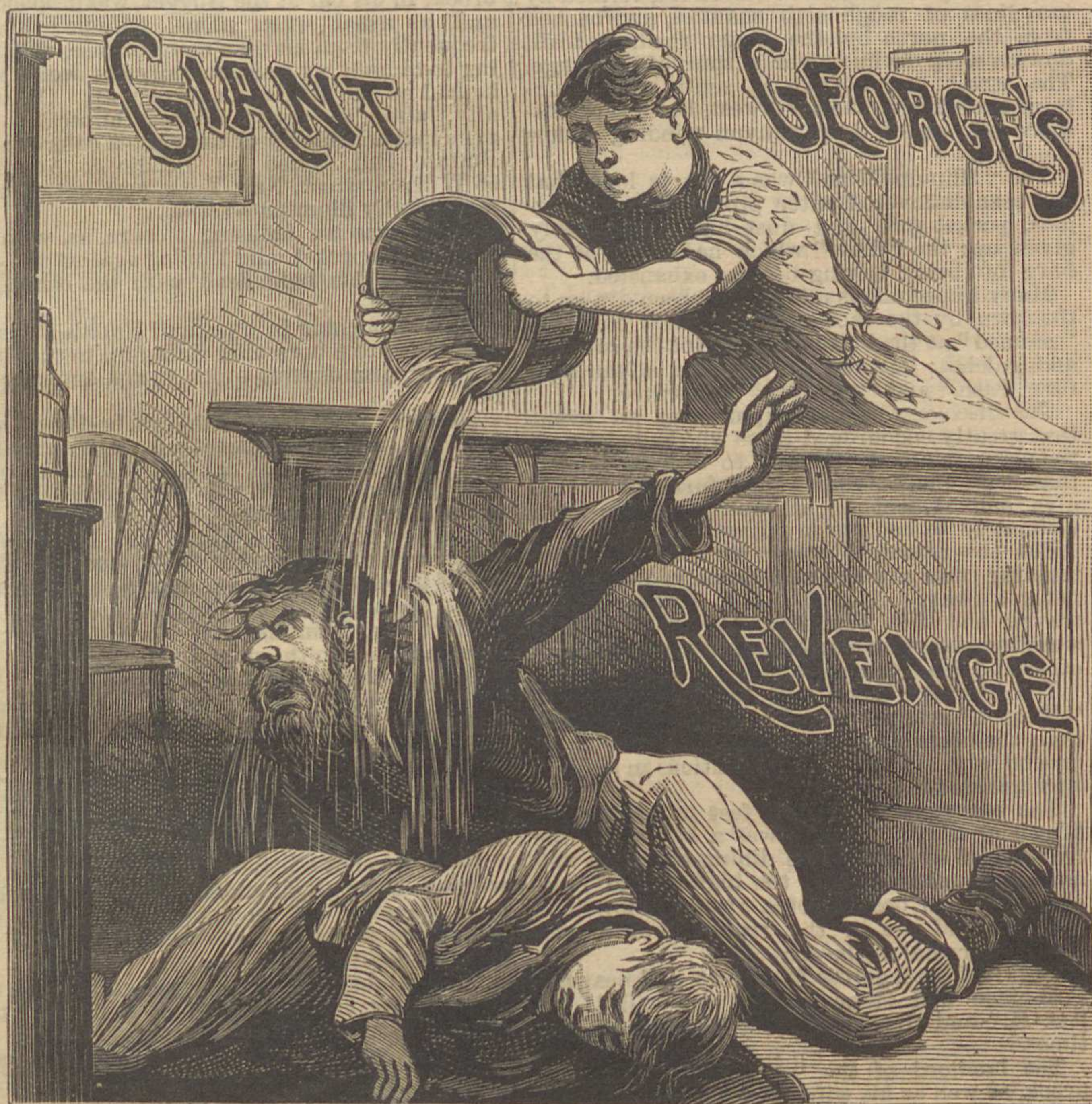
Copyrighted, 1889, by BEADLE AND ADAMS. Entered at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., as Second Class Mail Matter. Feb. 20, 1889.

No. 267.

\$2.50
a Year.

Published Weekly by Beadle and Adams,
No. 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Price,
Five Cents. Vol. XXI.



MARM HOLBROOK HELD THE BUCKET DIRECTLY OVER THE TARANTULA'S HEAD AND INSTANTLY REVERSED THE VESSEL.

Giant George's Revenge;

OR,

The Boys of "Slip-up Mine."

BY "BUCKSKIN SAM,"

(*Maj. Sam S. Hall,*)

AUTHOR OF "GIANT GEORGE'S PARD,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE TARANTULA OF TAOS.

SARDINE-BOX CITY was a small mining-town, situated among the foot-hills at the base of the Pinaleno Range, in Arizona.

The "city" consisted of one street, formed by two lines of rough slab shanties, approached from the north by the stage road, or trail, down a steep decline, over a spur of the range. The street ran north and south, the mountains towering to the northwest, but a short distance off, and a deep canyon winding below the burg.

The "Slip-up Mine" was a quartz lode, that had been discovered after prospecting for nuggets, pocket-gold and dust had been mostly given up; the "finds" which had brought the burg into being having become exhausted.

Many impecunious miners had been drawn to the town by the fact that the dust could be "panned" at the bottom of some of the canyons and gulches; but there were poor advantages for "wash," and "pay-dirt" was scarce.

The discovery of the Slip-up was an event that greatly encouraged those who had given up the place as a bad "locate," to remain, hoping that the quartz mills and furnaces would give employment to all, and cause the town ultimately to become a success.

But the principal reason with many for remaining was a good one, namely, they could not get away. It cost money in that land to travel; and if it was attempted on foot, there was almost certain starvation, to say nothing of other and deadly dangers.

The leading "hotel" in the burg was the "Nugget," which was of a little higher pitch than the other shanties, besides covering more ground, and being more pretentious in appearance generally.

The bar was some twenty feet in length, and fifteen in width. There was a kitchen in the rear, which also served as dining-room; as well as two chambers under the high-peaked roof, each of which boasted of a glass window, one in front and one in the rear—the only casements of crystal in the city.

The rival hotel across the street, and near the Post-office and stage stand, was called the "O. K." and did a thriving business at odd times.

The landlord of the "Nugget," Hank Holbrook, as well as his wife, Marm Holbrook, were characters with whom we have much to do.

Both had round heads; but Hank's face was of a fiery red, and with little, black and bead-like eyes, set deep in his head.

Marm Holbrook was a worthy woman, pleasant enough to look upon, and revered and honored by the miners of Sardine-box City; she being, as Hank expressed it, "ther fu'st kaliker-kivered human—ther fu'st female woman thet ever struck ther locate."

The particular morning upon which our story opens saw the town entirely deserted; the "citz," or "sardines," as the denizens of the burg termed themselves, being all at the Slip-up Mine, half-a-mile away at the range, unloading the quartz-mills, furnaces, etc., the advent of which had saved the town from being a "bu'sted burg." These had been purchased and forwarded by Lena Reynolds, *nee* Lawrence, known among them as "ther Angel of Penarlayno Range," and who was the woman of all women in the eventful history of Sardine-box City.

Owing to the general desertion, Hank Holbrook, in his bar at the Nugget, was despondent; and, as usual when alone, consoled himself frequently from his own merchandise, and talking to himself, as was generally his wont when he had no one else to converse with. Occasionally, also, he would address himself to the principal adornment of the bar—a colored cut of Buffalo Bill, issued by Beadle & Adams of 98 William street, New York, and gotten up in a brilliantly illuminated style.

Hank was an amusing picture, as, with one hand in his pocket, and leaning against the bar, he rubbed his bald head with the other, and soliloquized.

On the morning in question, Hank's attention was called to a horseman riding up to the hitching-post, dismounting quickly, and entering the bar.

He had a black, snake-like eye, beetling brows, low and retreating forehead, and a sinister and wandering glance, calculated to create aversion at once in any one accustomed to read character from the face.

The new-comer was about five feet seven in height, not over strongly built; and, from the cut of his clothes, and an apparent absence of arms, apparently from the "States." It was evident also, from his dusty condition, that his ride had been on the stage trail.

A black-slouch hat was all right; but a black broadcloth coat, vest and pants, the latter worn over his boots, was a sight seldom seen on that far frontier.

His hair was long and black, and his complexion very dark; but the strangest of all was a cloth shirt of ebon hue, and a handkerchief of the same color secured loosely about the collar.

Hank was not a little surprised, and was not without some slight superstitious thrill, when, upon glancing out, he saw that the horse and wrappings of the stranger were likewise of the color of night.

"I'm mighty glad ter hev yer glide in on me, stranger, fer I war es blue es a hen wi' ther pip."

"I see you look lonesome," said the new-comer; "and that the town is deserted. What does it mean?"

"All ther 'citz' air et ther Slip-up, gittin' out ther heavy fixin's ter run ther ole hole; an' hit's 'bout time, fer Tom Jones an' ther hull caboodle hes bin drunk es b'iled owls fer three days."

Much conversation passed between the pair, which ended in the stranger in black requesting a history of the starting of the town; but not, however, until he had "pumped" Hank in regard to the present aspect of affairs, the names of the principal men of the city, their characters, and their connection with the present condition of the burg.

Hank liked nothing better than this; so he proceeded to seat himself on the bar, requesting his listener to take a "sot down" on the bench opposite, and began his narrative, squirting tobacco juice afar, by way of emphasis, and rubbing his bald pate at intervals most vigorously.

"When me an' Marm Holbrook glided this-a-way from Texas, we hedn't a hefty 'mount o' wealth, stranger. We lunged out from Tewcson arter gittin' putty nigh bu'sted, fures dust went, after a he ole jim jamboree. Thet air ter say, I did; fer my ole woman she never errigates in nothin' stronger'n tea er coffee. Fu'st off I calkerlated ter slap up a shanty et ther Santa Rita Mines, an' stake out thar fer a while, sellin' p'ison; bnt thar war sich a heap o' cussed Greasers in ther biz thet I soon see'd thar war no show fer a edicated, civerlized white human ter make 'nough extry wealth ter 'nable him ter pour down 'nough ter keep him from suer-cidin'.

"Hit wouldn't 'a' bin livin', but jist lingerin'.

"Sides thet, Marm Holbrook, she jist pestered me 'bout inter lightnin' consumption 'bout skutin' back Texas-way. Howsomever, I knowed we hedn't wealth enoug ter lay in grub fer sich a danged long trail, an' I swore'd flat up an' down I'd strike fer ther Penarlayno Range.

"We hed a team o' three yoke o' fu'st-class Texas steers, thet I hed traded fer at Franklin, an' a middlin' good wagon, inter which I hed two bar'ls o' whisk', 'bout ten bushels o' corn-meal, an' a hefty supply o' bacon an' coffee. Sides this, I hed Marm Holbrook an' my traps an' togs, with a hull lay-out o' furnitur' thet ther ole woman would bring along, spite o' all I could spit out ag'in' it.

"Yer see, stranger, when we war comin' from Texas-way, ther danged 'Paches stompeded my critturs at Devil's River, which war mighty nigh bu'stin' us up, fer I hed ter hire some Greasers ter haul my wagon ter Franklin, an' ther condemned cusses charged 'bout fourteen times es much es the'r oxen war wu'th. Wa-al, do yer see—"

"But," interrupted the stranger in black, "I thought you were about to relate something in regard to the first starting of the town."

"I'm a-comin' ter hit directly," explained Hank.

CHAPTER II.

AN INTERRUPTION.

HANK proceeded, after tearing off an extra chunk of "nigger-head:"

"Wa-al, arter we hed struck up ther Penarlayno Range an' glided 'long this-a-way, dang'd ef a few pilgrims hedn't found 'pay-dirt' an' middlin' rich pockets right hyer, an' hed thar claims staked.

"They hed sent some o' the'r outfit ter Tewc-

son fer slabs an' nails an' grub, 'tendin' ter slap up tha'r shanties an' locate a burg. Howsomever, they war a poor set, without wealth ter count, an' war 'bout starved ter death. Tha'r pards hed bin gone so long arter slabs an' sich, thet they hed chawed all tha'r feed. Fact air, they war eatin' tha'r last refreshments, which war a box o' sardines, when me an' Marm Holbrook 'roved wi' our outfit.

"They see'd us comin' 'long 'mong ther foothills, an' they jist yelled so ormightily long an' loud thet Marm Holbrook crawled under ther tricks et ther bottom o' ther wagon, an' thar she lay.

"Yer see, my ole woman thought we'd run plum inter a passel o' 'Paches, an' I never let on ter her, but 'lowed her ter think thet-a-way, an' driv on, 'most 'splodin' wi' laugh.

"Fact air, I war so dang'd red in ther face, an' acted so 'tarnal strange 'bout hevin' a good joke on ther ole gal, hit made me so dog-goned tickled, thet I come mighty nigh bu'stin' my hull mersheenery. Ther pilgrims thought I war crazy, dead sure. But when I driv up, an' told 'em I had my ole woman 'long, 'sides myself, with consid'able permisc'us grub an' things—when I spit thet infermashe at 'em, I'll sw'ar hit would ha' skeered yer ears off, stranger, ter ha' heered ther yells what bu'sted outen them pilgrims' hungry beef-traps. Hit war a caution ter Comanches!

"I reckon the ole woman managed ter crawl in a leetle funder under ther freight, an' wasted all ther breath she hed left, in a screech thet come nigh rippin' ther wagon tilt. Ther steers war dog-goned fagged, but thet yell o' Marm Holbrook's jist turned 'em inside out, an' ther team broke inter a gallop, stompedin' up from ther canyon, one o' ther fore wheels strikin' a boulder jist 'bout whar the ole woman's bake-oven now air.

"Thet wrecked my outfit, fer ther wagon-tongue snapped off, an' ther oxen went jist a-hummin' in 'mong ther cedars. Ther old woman war nigh dead when I yanked her out from ther freight.

"Howsomever, fu'st off, I rolled ther whisk' out from ther wreck, an' 'zamed ther bar'ls, knowin' thet ther hull o' our prospec's 'pended on ther p'ison. An' hit war mighty lucky fer Hank thet nary one o' them leaked a drop.

"I sot Marm Holbrook on a bag o' meal, et ther foot o' ther boulder, 'lowin' her back h'ar ter lean 'gin' ther rock, while the pilgrims stud round' gazin' at her, wi' the'r corn-cake traps wide open, an' eyes es big es Mexican dollars.

"At las', one on 'em, Tom Jones, what we arterwards 'lected sheriff, gi'n a le'p inter the air, an' he sez, sez he:

"Boyees, we air fixed clean through! Hyer's a pilgrim what's bin skuted this-a-way by Providence, fer ther special benefit of you, us an' ours. Thar's no use a-talkin': we'll hev a burg right hyer inside o' a week. Stranger, ye're a pressed brick! What's yer handle, an' whar did yer glide from?"

"Pards' sez I, 'I'm Hank Holbrook: thet's my ole woman, an' this air my outfit. We come from Texas-way ter Tewcson 'tendin' ter meander up the range; but ef thar's ary show hyer fer 'pay dirt,'—seein' I'm plum broke, an'

can't progress very speedy on three wheels—reckon I'll locate right hyer.'

"Then thar come some more he old yells, an' their pilgrims got up a big stag-dance. 'Bout then, Marm Holbrook opened her peepers, an' gazed sorter skeered and bewildered. This made 'em all stop tha'r circus, an' jark off tha'r som-breros: an' ther soft-headed gerloots 'peared like a passle o' idgits, fer they hedn't see'd a kaliker-kivered human since tha'r ba'r war short.

"When ther ole woman see'd they war white folkses, an' noticed thet I war chuck-full o' laugh, she gut b'ilin' hot mad, an' shuck her fists at me.

"Hank,' ses she, 'yer good-for-nothin' puser-lanimous purp—why didn't yer 'splain this hyer biz? Yer knowed I war 'bout skeered ter death!

"Ye knowed I thought hit war 'Paches a-yellin', an' yer wouldn't 'splain ter me, ter relieve my mind. But I'll get even wi' yer—dang'd ef I doesn't!"

"Thet's what ther ole woman spit out, stranger; an' when I gi'n a big smile, kinder on ther doesn't-keer-a-dang style, an' p'inted ter ther smashed wheel, which kinder made me safe on thet threat, she gut wuss an' wusser. But ther pilgrims gut round her, a-flatterin' of her es 'spec'fules if she war Queen o' ther Cannerbull Islands, an' she gut some pacerfied. I reckon though I tuck no notice of 'em, fer I war stakin' out a claim, which war ther section o' dirt thet ther 'Nugget,' war built on.

"Nex' day ther slabs an' sich 'roved from Tewcson, an' I traded some meal an' tricks fer timber 'nough ter slap up ther Nugget."

"Wny did they name the town Sardine-box City?" inquired the stranger.

"I'm a-comin' ter thet," said Hank. "Yer see'd a cedar pole stuck up et ther hand o' ther street, I reckon, es yer rid in?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I noticed it."

"Wa-al, thet air our flag-staff; an' ef yer'd gazed clost, yer mought ha' diskivered a sardine-box nailed on top o' hit, an' I opine hit air mighty 'properate. But I'll 'splain.

"Soon es we hed slapped up ther Nugget, I gi'n a free jamboree all 'roun' ter ther boyees; fer they hed slung in a heap o' work fer nix. We hed a slam-up sellerbration; a' ther ole woman, she manerfactured a 'Merikin flag outen a ole sheet an' some red kaliker, with blue jeans fer stars, an' a extry big one in ther middle fer Arizona, though hit warn't counted inter ther Union.

"Hit sot ther boyees jist 'bout plum crazy, an' they humped tha'rselves inter ther cedars ter cut a pole fer hit.

"Then we hed a hefty argyment over what ther burg sh'ud be cog'd. Some on 'em wanted hit named arter Marm Holbrook, callin' hit 'Lizbuth, thinkin' that mought sound sorter 'spectabel. But my ole woman gut mighty r'iled up 'bout hit, an' she sw'ar'd she war a meetin'-house woman, an' thet ef they couldn't start a burg without so dang'd much fuss—killin' an' cbokin' folkses—she wouldn't hev her name disgraced thet-a-way.

"Finerly we concluded ter call ther barg Sardine-box City, on 'count o' ther pilgrims a-gittin' down ter the'r last grub, jist es I 'roved,

which war a box o' sardines. We nailed ther same box on ther pole, but hit's rusty now.

"Ther pilgrims what 'roved wi' ther wagons from Tewcson made up a consider'ble crowd, an' we hed 'bout es hefty a jamboree es when Giant George 'roved from St. Louis.

"Marm Holbrook prayed some, fu'st off; but she couldn't stand hit. She levanted up ther range, an' crawled inter a hole in ther rocks, an' bung out thar all night, though she war p'son fear'd of a coyote er a jack-rabbit. Fact air, we all hed ter turn out nex' mornin' an' hunt her up; fer ther boyees felt dead sure thet ther burg would go to ther dickens ef she hed gut chawed by a griz', er tuck by 'Paches. Ther ole woman hed gone inter ther hole on ther hum, like a blue streak, an' she left heaps o' her caliker behind her; fer she hed on her bestest dress, which she'd wored fer ther sellerbrate. I hed ter git ahint a rock an' laugh a spell ter my'elf when I see'd her.

"She war es wild es a hungry panther, an' yer mought 'a' bung a camp kittle on each o' her eyes. I see'd she hed a ragin' ravin' tornado corked up fer me; an' I jist turned like a top, an' went down ther steep side o' ther mountain like a hawk lightin' on a rabbit.

"Marm Holbrook war arter me on ther whiz, an' I knowed she'd wallop me 'bout ter death.

"Straight she stompeded fer ther Nugget, an' up inter ther garret.

"Thar she squatted fer three days an' nights, while I sont up blankets an' grub ter her on ther sly."

"An' I air a-bouncin' down on yer like a averlanche o' smoothin'-irons, Hank Holbrook!"

This interruption came from a crack in the kitchen-door.

"Stranger, I war 'mong a passel o' wuss'n savages thet time, an' they hain't much better hyer now. I can't see yer, an' I doesn't keer ter; fer I'm down on all men-folkses 'ceptin' Giant George an' Arizone Jack an' Tom Jones, but I advises yer ter git.

"Hank, yer kin jist lay down an' I'll git a bucket o' water ter habtize yer with. Yer needs ther ordernance 'bout now!"

This most unexpected and singularly worded interruption to the host's story proceeded, as has been said, from the kitchen; and was, unmistakably, in a female voice.

Hank, at the first word, whirled around and disappeared from view; an action that caused the stranger in black to decide that the warning from the next room had not been given without good grounds.

He therefore stepped quickly to the street, mounted his horse, and turning the animal about, left the town at a gallop, by the same way he had entered it—that is, up the range, by the stage road, and soon disappeared over the spur of the range.

CHAPTER III.

RECOGNIZED.

THE stranger in black galloped fully a mile from the summit of the mountain spur, over which the stage road led, and arrived at a

broken, rocky, and cedar-dotted gully. Here he came to a halt, and listened intently for a moment.

He then urged his horse into a cedar thicket, bordering the trail; and then, turning about, toward the point of entrance, he drew a Colt's navy revolver from a holster hidden by his coat skirt, quickly cocked it, and, with bridle-reins gathered firm, stood with his feet braced against a rock.

A moment later, a horseman appeared, approaching from the north toward the thicket.

He was a man of gigantic build, and most ruffianly in appearance. He was attired in a pair of greasy and tattered buckskin breeches, the fringe along the outer seams of which was mostly torn away, a blue woolen shirt, cow-hide boots, and a broad-brimmed black sombrero, pushed upward in a "Hyer I air, dang'd ef I ain't" manner.

The inevitable brace of revolvers were buckled about his waist, and his long, sunburnt hair was coarse and tangled, as was also his beard. His eyebrows met and mingled, shading deep-set, dark and treacherous eyes, which were small in comparison with the rest of the face, and had all the nervous glances of one who was suspicious of danger.

Altogether he was not the kind of individual whom one would care to meet on a lonely trail.

As this gigantic borderer urged his steed toward the thicket, the man in black leveled his revolver at the giant, as he yelled, in a quick, firm voice:

"Hands up, or you are a dead man!"

Never, perhaps, was a man more surprised, and at the same time filled with abject terror, than the southward-bound traveler.

"Dang my iron heart, stranger!" he exclaimed, after a moment's scrutiny of the man who confronted him; "yer run in a surprise-party on me, so suddint-like, thet I thought ther Vigilantes hed got me, dead sure. Yer see, I hes gr'n myself away, but I knows who I air a-talkin' to. Ye're ther pilgrim I see'd slingin' gab ter Doubloon Dan, in the cedars, 'bove Chico City, New Mex', 'bout a year back, afore his Pumas got cleaned out by Rocky Mountain Al's crowd. Drap thet shutin'-iron, fer hit mought 'splode, an' bore my 'natermy."

The man in black lowered his weapon, with a grim smile of satisfaction as he said:

"I thought I had struck my man. Once seen, you are not easily to be mistaken. What do you mean in regard to the Pumas being cleaned out?"

"It means what I hes spit out," was the reply. "Hes yer ary a chaw er terbacker 'bout yer? I'm plum bu'sted up fer weed."

The man in black passed a silver tobacco-box to the huge rider, whose eyes brightened as he opened it; but his countenance fell as the contents were displayed to his critical vision.

"B'ile me fer a billious buzzard, stranger! What d'ye pack sech trash as that fer. Hit looks es though it had bin chawed by a fine-toothed critter. I always uses plug. I'm natur'ly in-ternated ter hard things, often mastercatin' boulders fer breakfast, an' pickin' my grinders at a with a buffler bull's horn.

"Ya-as, es I said, ther Pumas was cleaned—all thet war in ther cave 'bove Chico, an' Doubloon Dan turned up his toes et ther same time."

"Were all the gang killed?" asked the stranger, evidently deeply depressed at the news.

"Wa-al, not 'zactly. Thar war 'bout a baker's dozen on 'em what war out arter the'r critters, an' didn't git kerral'd, an' they skuted down ther range when they foun' out how things hed gone."

"Were you with Doubloon Dan?"

"I come danged nigh bein' tuk in outen ther wet. Yer see, thar war a 'greement 'tween me an' Dan, 'gards some pilgrims what I war layin' fer, an' I hed jist left him ter git ther p'int in Chico. When I see'd how things hed went, I levanted fer Arizone. Was yer interested in ther lay-out, stranger?"

"I was a friend of Dan's before he went on the road. But, never mind; I reckon you and I can pard, if you say so. Where have you been since you were at Chico?"

"Meanderin' 'bout 'mong ther mines—an' dog-gone my iron heart, I'm jist a-banker in fer a pay job. What yer gut on hand?"

"In the first place, have you any pards?"

"Nary one. Thar was half a dozen o' our sort wi' me, but I skipped ther camp, fer I never goes inter a burg with anybody. I heerd o' Sardine-box City, thet hit war a purty fresh strike, an' I concluded ter glide in an' see what I could make on ther loose.

"I knows some o' ther 'citz'—thet is, I knows 'em by repertashe. I heerd yer war a-workin' this section, though I didn't know yer cgg. I 'denterfied yer when I fu'st heerd o' yer rig. What's yer handle, now, an how many boyees hes yer gut?"

"I am known as Captain Black, and I have but seven men left, for I had a hard fight down range, not far from Tucson, and had to git up and dust. But I have a job on hand that will pay big.

"Early this morning I was up range, and saw you in camp. I thought I knew you, and resolved to lay for and get you to join us. There is a rich woman in this burg below here who must be corraled, and her wealth also. I have taken steps to secure her, and I want you to go at once into the town and get all the information you can in regard to her.

"The infernal fols in Sardine-box call her the Angel of the Piraleno Range. Find out where her money is kept, for she must have brought a large amcunt from the States. She has gone to Dead Man's Gulch, and the only man whom I fear in Arizona is with her. His name is Giant George. I reckon you know him. He cleaned out the 'Panthers' some time since.

"I count on my men getting a chance to secure the woman. A cousin of hers from St. Louis is the man I'm working the job for. If she goes under, he will come into her property, which is a large fortune.

"What name do you go by now?"

"I'm ther Terrantaler o' Taos till yit—dog-gone my iron heart ef I bain't! I kin chaw up most anythin' from a buffler bull ter a boulder; but I ain't feelin' chipper, on 'count o' skeercity o' whisk', an' ther ding-dong o' my iron heart

hes gut down ter ther flicker of a June-bug's wing."

"Well, old pard—for so I will call you—that can soon be remedied. Here is gold, and when it passes from my hand to yours, our interests become common. Is that understood?"

As he said this, Captain Black passed a roll of coin to the burly ruffian, who grasped the same eagerly.

"Thet's ther way ter put hit, Cap' Black; an' I'll roll inter Sardine-box City, an' 'stonish ther natives, same time keepin' a eye an' ear open fer boss biz."

"Thet Giant George air a hellyun. Hit takes a six in hand, an' a big ox-train ter block his trail. But I'll watch out fer ther cuss. He run me outen one burg 'bout two year back, an' come nigh havin' me choked off; but I reckon he's plum forgot me by this time. Yer wants ter find out whar this Angel hes hid her duckets; an' I'm ther perrarer promernader thet's goin' ter strike her 'cache!'"

"I hope you will, Tarantula; and there's a cool five thousand for you if you do."

"But if it is not to be found, the Slip-up Mine has got to slip up. The machinery must be blowed to smithereens; for this Carlos La Grange, the cousin of Lena Reynolds, otherwise the 'Angel,' is as revengeful as Satan."

"He swears that every one who stands between him and this property shall die; but he hasn't got the sand to kill a jack-rabbit."

"However, we needn't care a continental, as long as he pays. I've had a hard run of luck lately; lost twenty men within three months."

"Yer hes hed hit rough—dang my puserlanimous pictur', ef yer hain't! But whar air yer camp, an' whar air ther cuss, Carlos La Grange?"

"We are 'holed' over the range, straight northwest from Dead Man's Gulch. You can scout around the Slip-up Mine, about night; and if you hear two black wolf yelps, followed by a third after a short interval, you can go to the cedar thicket, whence the sounds proceed, and you will meet either myself or one of my boys. Then you can report all your news."

"If they suspect or recognize you in the burg, you must make a run up the canyon to Dead Man's Gulch, where, in a clump of cedars at the base of the mountain, near two graves, you must wait until some of my men come to guide you to our rendezvous."

"I shall ride on up the trail for a few miles, to see if I can pick up those men you mention. Before noon, I judge, my boys will have secured the 'Angel.' We have been after her a long time; but she was captured by Apaches the very night she arrived."

"The reds skipped the town, robbed the coach, and took Lena Reynolds, Hank Holbrook and his wife captive. But they were rescued by Giant George and the 'citz,' thus disappointing our friend Carlos, but giving me what I hope will be a paying job."

"Hang it, I'm getting more and more desperate every day. This masquerading never did suit me."

"Dang my iron heart, Cap, ef I shouldn't like ter see yer onc't as yer air on ther rampage!

Yer 'pears now more like a gospel-slinger nor ary other kinder human."

"But, I sw'ar, I'm as dry as a sand hill, an' hungry 'nough ter swaller a pickled Piute! I reckon I'll wait until I kin see Captain Black as he really air. Dang'd ef I doesu't; fer mebbe so hit'll put an entry ding-dong inter my iron heart, givin' me more vim fer futur' fightin'!"

As the Tarantula was speaking Capitan Black, as the former had termed himself, urged his horse, a magnificent animal, into the cedars, and in a few moments returned; but would not have been recognized as the same man.

His slight beard had disappeared, showing a passably handsome face, garnished now by a long, silky mustache and imperial.

His coat had been cast aside, as well as his roomy black pants; and he now appeared in buckskin breeches, heavily fringed, and studded with silver buttons. His shirt was richly ornamented, ond fringed also; but the skin of both garments was dyed black, and the breeches were tucked into high-topped alligator-skin boots.

His sable sombrero was looped up at the left side by a singular and suggestive emblem, to wit, a skull and cross-bones in heavy engraved silver.

About his waist was a black belt, with holsters and scabbard of the same hue.

It held a pair of silver-mounted Colt's army revolvers a heavy square silver clasp fastening the belt in front.

He sat his noble, symmetrical steed with a grace that was perfect; and both horse and man seemed to have become freed from a restraint, and relieved from a heavy load.

As the animal sprung from the cedars, the two presented a fine picture, and drew from the astonished giant an exclamation that was characteristic of the man.

"Dog-gone my cast-iron heart, Cap Black, I pass! Yer kin take ther 'pot;' sweep ther board, an' I'll crawl under ther table, stick my head under my wing, an' sing ther doxology ter myself. I'm a-humpin' myself on extry jumps, ter git this job through hunk; an' I pards wi' yer from this on, ef I lose a couple o' my legs!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Captain Black. "If you lose a couple of legs, you'll have plenty left, if you're true to your name, Mr. Tarantula. But biz is on the bill. I'm on up the range now, like a streak. Mind well my instructions. So long!"

"Whoop er-up! Whoop er-e-e-e!"

Thus yelled the giant, as both men started; one speeding toward the north, the other the south.

"Hyer I am a-comin', with a pocket full o' dust! I kin tell these sardines I'm fish-hungry, an' sp'ilin' fer p'ison. I'm ther Terrantaler o' Taos what never lost a leg!"

"Dang ther ding-dong! I'll fotch hit back inter my iron heart, afore a red c'u'd scrape out a arrer. Hurrah fer Captain Black an' the Terrantaler—ther perrarer perambulator an' mean-derer o' ther mountings!"

Thus on, toward Sardine-box City went the burly desperado; while, up the range, skimming

the earth like a bird, went the glossy, sable steed and its black-garbed and black-hearted rider—both on missions that threatened to bring disaster.

CHAPTER IV.

GIANT GEORGE.

It was high noon of the same day on which Capitan Black and the Tarantula of Taos met that a party of males and females, five in number, might have been seen traveling the windings of a deep canyon, a few miles to the northwest of Sardine-box City.

The banks of this canyon were steep and insurmountable, except at two points near the town, but higher up, the gullies and wash-outs, formed by the mountain torrents during rains, afforded ingress and exit.

The leader of the party was a man of large size—in fact, gigantic—habited in a suit of buckskin, with rough boots and black slouch hat, all showing service, while at his belt were the usual arms. The clasp of the belt bore this inscription:

GIANT GEORGE.

Presented by

LENA REYNOLDS, *nee* LAWRENCE,

"The Angel o' ther Penarlayno Range."

A man of iron nerve was he—that could be seen at a glance—and one who could be depended on to the very death.

Close behind him rode a young but well developed man, fresh and rosy, free and fearless, as any one would at once decide.

Fancifully fringed and tastefully ornamented buckskin breeches, a blue woolen shirt, loosely confined at the throat, high-topped boots of fine workmanship, and a black sombrero, made up his costume—all new and fresh, as they say on the border.

Eagerness flashed from his eye as he swept the wild surroundings with a gaze that seemed to court conflict with man or beast.

A brace of army revolvers, highly ornamented in silver, were held at his waist by a belt, upon which was engraved:

ARIZONA JACK

Whoop her through or bu'st.

Taken altogether, Arizona Jack was one who sustained fully the legend beneath his name.

No scout in the far Southwest was more noted for daring deeds and skill in following the fierce Apache than Giant George; and the recent terrible experience in the history of Sardine-box City had proved Arizona Jack—then a "tenderfoot," who had arrived just in time to participate—well worthy of the confidence and friendship of the citizens. In fact, he had been claimed as a pard by Giant George, and had proudly accepted the honor.

Next to Jack rode a female, clothed entirely in black. Her face was white as the driven snow, and stamped with great grief and suffering. And few on earth had been called upon to bear more than she had done, for her loved and only brother had been murdered not far from this

very spot, and in seeking to avenge his death she had been captured by his murderer and rescued by Giant George. Soon after this event she had been united in marriage with one who had been parted from her through the villainy of the same man who had murdered her brother.

The wedding had been solemnized at Sardine-box City—the first and last ceremony of the kind performed there—and Giant George with his famous burro, Don Diablo, had accompanied the happy pair to St. Louis. The bride, Mrs. Reynolds, was none other than Lena Lawrence, known in Sardine-box City as the "Angel o' ther Penarlayno Range."

The gold of her murdered brother, Sam Lawrence, which Giant George had accidentally discovered, had made our heroine a very wealthy woman.

But the party had not been long in St. Louis, when poor Lena lost husband, father and sister—her only near relatives—by yellow fever; and now, disconsolate and broken-hearted, she had accompanied George back to Arizona, only to fall into the hands of the Apaches, as has been stated, but to be providentially rescued, along with her fellow-captives, Hank and Marm Holbrook.

At the same time, a beautiful Castilian girl named Marietta, was saved from the power of the Indians.

The mother of Marietta, a half-insane woman, known as Warnitta the Wild, was rescued on the same occasion. These two made up the little equestrian party. Both of them purposed to return with Lena Reynolds, now on a visit to her brother's grave, to Tucson; but, as ever, man only proposes.

On, in the order we have mentioned, rode our friends for some distance along the bed of the canyon; when suddenly Giant George turned to the right, and entered a dark gulch which led toward the range, all following, and disappearing from view.

Although there was the full glare of a noon-day sun above them, all was cool and twilight within the deep, narrow gulch.

It was a place to inspire awe; but the whole party seemed only filled with sympathy for the sad and pale-faced woman whom they accompanied.

None were more affected by the situation than Giant George himself.

For some distance they traversed the deep gulch, and then the bright sunlight displayed an opening in front of them, revealing the fact that the head of the canyon terminated in a huge basin.

Here George and Arizona Jack halted, but Lena Reynolds and the two Castilian women passed on, crossing the basin, and disappearing within a clump of pines at the base of the mountain.

To the west of this motte of pines, the side of the basin was more broken, and easier to surmount, and was covered with a growth of stunted cedars.

At this point, or above it, there was also a break in the range, seemingly formed by some convulsion of nature.

Lena Reynolds preceded her companions, and entering the pines, passed to the further extrem-

ity of the same, nearly to the base of the cliff, where upon a double mound—evidently two graves—she threw herself prostrate and sobbed bitterly.

The woman Warnitta and her daughter, out of respect for her grief, proceeded no further than the border of the trees, where they seated themselves side by side.

Giant George and Arizona Jack stood near each other, holding the lariats attached to the necks of the horses.

"Dog-gone hit, Jack," said the former, in a low voice, "I'd a heap rather make a break plum erlone through a big 'Pache village than to come ter ther gulch with ther Angel! Hit'll sp'ile my appertite fer a half moon. I kin allers see Sam Lawrence die over again, es he did hyer, an' poor Terrif a-hangin' head down on ther cliff yonder.

"Dang them cussed 'Paches! But we paid 'em up purty well fer thet biz, an' no mistake.

"She's a-cryin' herself ter death on ther graves, jist es she did when I brung her hyer fu'st off, when them dang'd spies of El Capitan scooped her."

"Do you think it safe there now, George? I am feeling strange and suspicious."

"What c'u'd harm her now? We-uns hes cleaned out most o' ther reds, 'ceptin' ther squaws, an' every one o' El Capitan's Panthers we made turn up toes nigh four moons ago. I doesn't b'lieve thar's a crooked human within two days' ride and more."

"From what I know of this section," said Jack, "I don't believe things are safe at any time. There seems to be a curse on this town of Sardine-box.

"But give me a history of things connected with the first arrival of Mrs. Reynolds in the burg. It will serve to kill time. I mean the main points."

"Wa-al, Jack, I ain't a man of much lingo, but I'll gi'n yer ther rough p'int. Fu'st off, Sam Lawrence and Willerby, what war arterwards ther outlaw chief, El Capitan, left St. Louis together fer ther West. Willerby shot Sam an' robbed him up Colorado-way, leavin' him fer cold meat.

"Afore Willerby left St. Louis he'd gut Sam an' Lena's dad ter purchase a heap o' bad wild-cat minin' stock, what ruined ther ole man.

"Yer see, Willerby pertended ter be in love with Lena, but she war begaged ter Reynolds—a squar' young man—an' she refused ter hev Willerby. So he swar'd revenge, an' he took hit.

"He ruined her dad, es I said, an' writ false letters, an' broke up Reynolds, who war a mate o' his'n an' Sam's at school.

"He then shot Sam, arter gittin' him West, but Sam didn't go under. He comed hyar, an' struck it rich, savin' a heap o' nuggets, which he stowed away up range, an' which I foun' arterwards.

"Wa-al, Willerby turned road-agent an' gin'ral robber, an' he happened down hyer an' got sight o' Sam, an' see'd that he hedn't killed him up-country. Then he plugged Sam ag'in in this hyer basin, an' left him ter die; but I comed 'long, an' nussed him in ther pines yun-

der fer a week, until he 'skipped over ther divide.'

"Howsomever, afore he died, he writ ter Lena, an' she comed on from St. Louis ter Sardine-box City, havin' taken a afferdavy ter hev her revenge.

"Sam hed writ 'bout me, so she hunted me up, findin' me et Sardine-box, when ther citz war goin' ter string me up, thinkin' I war crooked.

"Jist then, Lena's ole lover—Reynolds—comed 'long, an' tuck a han' in ther fight. We laid Willerby, er El Capitan, es he called himself, out cold in his own cave, an' cleaned ther gang out. Then Lena an' Reynolds gut hitched, an' I scooted ter ther States—me an' Don Diablo—'long o' them; but ther yaller fever comed in, an' Reynolds an' Lena's sister an' her ole dad all died in one week, an' I brunged her back ter Arizone.

"But I'm 'feard she'll go under 'fore long, Jack; an' she hain't no nigh relation nowhar.

"Es bad es she war feelin', she never forgot ther citz; an' she sent on a wagon-train o' quartz mills, an' furnaces, an' tricks fer ther 'Slip-up.'

"But, es I war sayin', she seems like ter soon be a real *bony fido* angel up yunder; an' when she is, Giant George'll wander roun' ther perrars so chuck-full o' sorrer thet he'll git tuck, an' be toasted by 'Paches afore a moon hes passed."

At this moment piercing shrieks cut the air from the direction of the motte, and the face of Giant George turned ghastly, and his eyes became fixed on the pines, as he stood for the moment frozen in his tracks.

"By Heavens! Pard George, it is as I told you. There's another load of misery dumped upon us."

Before the words were well out of Jack's mouth, Giant George bounded like a madman across the rock floor of the basin, followed by Jack.

Warnitta and Marietta sprung shrieking, with pallid faces out from the motte; but Giant George heeded them not, for past them he shot, crashing through the pines to the graves of Sam and Terrif.

Grasping the branches and crashing through them, in his terror and anxiety, while he fixed his glassy eyes upon the sky between the cliff and the motte, his features drawn in an agony of grief, his lips to tightly compressed to allow him to articulate, George reached the two graves among the pines.

Lena, the "Angel o' Penarlayno Range," was gone!

CHAPTER V.

HANK'S NEW CUSTOMER.

THE sun was high in the heavens, and it was extremely hot, as the fagged-out horse of the Tarantula of Taos reached the summit of the rocky spur and passed down the decline toward Sardine-box City.

The face of the burly borderer expressed not only great suffering of body, but surprise as well, as he gazed down upon the deserted town; for all the population, as we have seen, had gone to the "Slip up" Mine to witness the un-

loading of a train of wagons, which contained the necessary tools and machinery for its development. These had arrived three days previous.

"Dog-gone my cast-iron heart!" exclaimed the giant outlaw, in his wonder and disappointment.

"What in dangnation's ther difficult' down yunder? Ef thet ain't a empty sardine-box, I'm ther boss pervaricator o' Arizone; an' ef ther burg ain't bu'sted flat, I'll chaw flint fer grub ther remainder o' ther moon.

"What in thunderation 'll I do? Hyer I air, jist 'bout half dead, arter skutin' clean from t'other side o' nowhar, with only p'ison 'nough ter last me half-way. I'm sick enough ter puke up my in'ards!

"I'm smashed and bu'sted up ginerally, ter say nothin' 'bout ther bug-juice thet's gone dead inside my stomach, an' left me without vim, an' es slimpsy es a eel what's been left high an' dry arter a rise an' fall.

"Dang'd ef I don't burn every dang'd sharty in Sardine-box City out o' pure cussedness, ef I can't shake out some whisk'. I'm gittin' es desprit es a hungry griz, 'count o' hevin' ter skute out o' Tophet Diggin's when I hed a dead thing on makin' a big steak.

"Howsomever, I did bleed some tender-huffs outen consider'ble dust, which air all thet hes kept me from wiltin' on ther trail. An' now Cap' Black hes panned out extry rich, wi' prospec's ahead. Hit does me good, I'm hang'd ef hit doesn't, ter feel in my pouch; but ef ther sheriff o' Tophet Diggin's hed know'd who I war, he'd 'a' kep' ther hull o' my wealth, an' strung me up to a limb besides. I considers I'm jist ther most lucky cuss on ther range. Hit's pure, solid, un'dulterated, b'iled down, stud-hoss luck thet I run ag'in' Capitan Black—chaw my ear off ef hit warn't!

"I hope thet I won't run ag'in' thet big scout, Giant George; fer I've got too much tongue, an' too little sand ter buck ag'in' him, without a free pass on ther Lightnin' 'Spress ter kingdom come.

At this moment the giant outlaw, after passing down the deserted street, came opposite the Nugget Hotel, it being now about an hour and a half since Captain Black, in disguise, had left the same.

"Hooray!" exclaimed the Tarantula, in extreme relief and thankfulness.

"Nugget Hotel! Thet's all hunk fer a house cog; but Bug-juice Bazar suits me better. Ther boss bar o' Chico City war named thet.

"Howsomever, I hes ther nuggets, ef thar's any one ter sling p'ison; ef not, I prospects fer liquids on ther hum."

Urging his weary horse to the end of the building, and tying the end of the lariat to a cedar bush, allowing the animal free range for about forty feet, the Tarantula bent his way with wavering step to the front entrance of the hotel.

Stepping into the doorway in a stiff manner, the giant peeped around the screen into the bar-room, where a tempting array of decanters met his eager view. Not a human being was visible, though there was every evidence, both within and on the street, of recent occupation.

The glimpse of a man, seated on a low stool behind the bar, attracted his attention.

The man was Hank Holbrook who sat thus, his eyes closed and his mouth wide open.

"Dog-gone my pure open an' shet luck, ef I hain't struck a soft thing, I'm a liar by the watch!" muttered the Tarantula. "Thet air Hank Holbrook, I knows dang'd well. I hes heerd 'nough 'bout him ter recog' ther cuss."

The pictorial adornments of the bar-room caught his eye, and he strode up in front of the most attractive of the lot, in evident astonishment and admiration.

"Dang my cast-iron heart!" he muttered, "ef tnar ain't some purty pictur's!"

"B-u-f-f-a-l-o B-i-l-l!"

"Thet means Buffler Bill, though they doesn't know how ter spell hit. I knows his figger-head too ormighty well; an' hit'll be fortygraphed on my brain-box until I turns up my toes!

"He'd gi'n a heap ter git a lariat roun' my neck; an' he did come cussed nigh hit when I stole his nag thet he calls Buckskin, the dang'd-est runner thet ever knocked seed offen perarer grass.

"Thet war when Cody war huntin' on ther Platte; but, dang him, he follered me with a nag, jist a-flyin', an' run in on me when I war in camp in ther bottom."

The Tarantula closed his interview with the cut of the Hon. W. F. Cody, and turned to scrutinize his host.

Leaning over the plank that served as a bar, he saw that the landlord still slept soundly.

The Tarantula, evidently bent on mischief, and totally disregarding the important mission on which Capitan Black had sent him, took some matches from a box, and inserted the clear ends of them in the holes which he had punched in a large cork, reserving one to ignite.

Then, by a dexterous movement, he ignited the matches and placed the cork over Hank's nose, having first notched it with his bowie.

This done, the Tarantula dropped from view, below the counter, leaving the sulphurous smoke and flame flaring hot in the face of Hank.

With a wild yell, the latter sprung to his feet, almost blinded as well as suffocated, then, with a shriek of horror, he darted forward, and as his hands touched the counter, with a wild leap Hank cleared the bar, over the head of the crouching Tarantula, rushed from the door into the street, beating the air with his arms, and yelling like a fiend.

CHAPTER VI.

BAD MEDICINE.

WHEN Giant George, Arizona Jack and the females who have been mentioned, left Sardine-box City they passed down toward the canyon, and near to the boulder and mesquite which had been the scene of many a tragic occurrence connected with themselves and the burg.

They also passed the spot where the stage had been left when Lena Reynolds and the giant scout returned from St. Louis, dragged thither by the overjoyed "citz," who had removed the horses from it.

Little did they dream that their benefactress

was within the coach, for it was dark; and even George, in the excitement of the occasion, had been inconsiderate of the peril to which she was thus exposed.

Poor Hank, dead drunk on the coach-top, keeping the scout's burro, Don Diablo, company; and Marm Holbrook, who had been thrown inside by the "citz,"—all were captured by Apaches, while their defenders were investigating the cause of a fire in the town, which had been kindled by the Indians.

Past these spots the party now rode, but they were watched by eager eyes as they descended into the canyon by a difficult and winding path.

Amid the cedars, seated upon his horse, was a most ruffianly-looking man; his bloodshot eyes, unkempt hair and beard, and ragged buckskins, proving him to be a wanderer of the mountains.

He was armed to the teeth, and no sooner had the party led by Giant George started up the canyon, than he rode to the opposite side of the thicket, and taking a red kerchief from his pocket, he waved it about his head, toward the range.

Afar up the mountain a singular signal was soon displayed in answer, from a fissure in the rock; then, a moment after, a flutter of red from the very summit of the range was, for a moment, visible.

The spy waited a reasonable time, and then spurred his horse boldly down into the canyon, following the party of scouts and women; but keeping a safe distance in the rear.

When the gulch into which our friends had passed was reached, the ruffianly-looking spy kept on up the canyon for some little distance, until a wash-out was reached that led toward the range.

Up this he proceeded hastily, soon coming to a point where he was enabled to spring from the gully to the surface ground; which, at the foot of the range, was boulder-strewn and interspersed with clumps of cedars. Cautiously he proceeded until near to Dead Man's Gulch, reaching the pine motte which has been described.

Here he dismounted quickly, and entering a thicket led from it a horse fully equipped for the trail; and upon the saddle of which he bound securely a stone of a hundred pounds in weight, or more.

This done, he remounted, and leading the horse he had taken from the thicket, he drove spurs, and sped back to the same wash-out up which he had so recently made his way from the canyon.

Reaching this, he urged the horses at headlong speed toward the north, and away from Sardine-box City and Dead Man's Gulch.

Fifteen minutes perhaps before Lena Reynolds entered the gulch, two rough and desperate-looking men clambered down the northwest side of the basin, and entered the motte; keeping close to the side of the cliff and concealing themselves within ten paces of the two graves.

Both men were rough in appearance, and their desperate and hunted look attested their character.

They were undoubtedly outlaws, and had, judging from their look and manner, long led the lives of border bandits.

"What makes yer think this air risky biz, Jim?"

"I doesn't think so—I knows hit. I hain't bin in Arizone, knockin' 'roun' 'mong ther rocks fer a year, not ter know all 'bout Giant George. He's a double-bar'l'd hellyun, an' steel ain't made ter slash him, nor ball ter bore him."

"Hit's a dang'd good thing ther 'Paches didn't cut ther wind offen ther woman we're arter, Jim; er we'd 'a' lost this hyer job, an' we needs 'dust' more'n ever afore, since we gut cut up so dang'd bad Tucson-way. Giant George be dang'd! Reckon I kin fotch him wi' my shooter, ef he gits too rambunctious."

"Es fer thet Carlos La Grange, what air so anxious ter cut ther Angel's throat, I reckon we'll lay fer him, an' cut his'n afore he gits clear o' ther range; fer he must hev ther 'rocks,' er he c'u'dn't cut sich a splurge."

"Dang'd ef I ain't in wi yer on ther job, Pard Bud! He's ther meanest cuss ever struck Arizone, an' orter be wiped out fer bein' sich a dang'd coward thet he can't do his own dirty work."

"But what makes ther citz o' Sardine-box call this hyer woman ther Angel, I'd like ter know?"

"She war ther fu'st purty gal what ever struck ther burg, an' turned things inside out, when she sot Giant George an' ther citz on ther Panthers, thet hed bored her brother in this hyer very basin."

"Then she shoved 'dust' ter feed ther citz, when nuggets war sca'ce; an' now she hes fetched a mill an' furniss, ter run ther Slip-up Mine; but, ef ther orders o' Cap' Black air kerried out ter-night, ther mersheenry won't be wo'th shucks."

"'Cordin' ter 'greement 'tween Cap' Black an' this hyer Carlos La Grange, ther burg air ter be bu'sted all up, 'cos they is friends ter ther Angel."

"Carlos sw'ars they must go under, but ther dang'd or'nary gerloot c'u'dn't buck ag'in' a jack-rabbit hisself!"

"Hit's poor biz an' I hates ter hurt a woman, pard; 'specially when we knows she is a fa'r squar' gal. I doesn't blame her fer goin' fer them what killed her brother. Howsomever, we-'uns hain't no use fer them kind o' feelin's, when 'dust' air t'other side ther balance."

At this moment, Bud grasped the arm of the speaker, and leaning forward, peered through the foliage.

Both men distinctly heard the sound of hoofs on the rock floor of the basin, approaching from the direction of the gulch.

"Now, Jim," said Bud, as he cocked his revolver; "if Giant George air with her, blaze inter him when I gives ther sign. I ain't a-goin' ter be beat by ther big cuss on this deal no sort o' how."

"I'm ready ter play pards wi' yer on ther shoot, Bud, ef ther cuss runs his nose this-a-ways."

The sound of hoofs drew nearer and nearer to the motte.

"Soon es she comes in, we-'uns must gobble

her, an' git, without 'lowin' her ter spit out a yelp. Ef she does, ther big scout 'll gi'n us a hefty tussle, an' mebbe so wipe us out."

"Ye'r' right, Bud; but ef John manages ter lead him on ther false trail, es hes bin 'ranged, we kin make our way ter ther cave es easy es rollin' off a log. All we wants is a half-hour, an' we'll leave nary show o' trail arter us."

Just then the horses seemed to have come to a halt on the verge of a motte; and the next moment the black-robed figure of Lena Reynolds entered the clear space near to the grave of her brother.

At sight of this unexpected vision, so far removed in appearance from an ordinary woman, Bud and Jim gazed into each other's eyes in superstitious wonder, each clutching tightly the arm of the other.

For quite a minute they crouched thus; then Bud stealthily crept to the rear of the figure, now prostrate upon the grave.

Springing forward quickly, a gag was thrust into her mouth, and she was raised from the earth.

They had no resistance to subdue, however. No bonds were needed to secure their frail captive, for the sudden shock had overpowered her weary brain, and she lay senseless in the arms of Bud.

In five minutes both men, with their black-robed burden, were hurrying toward the heart of the range, leaving neither trace nor trail to show to those who had loved her as their own lives, where the Angel of the Range had been taken.

No human beings had ever been known to pitch tent or encamp in the barren spot on the opposite side of the range. Not even the fierce Apache, when not hunted, had ever been known to retreat to the spot where Bud and Jim hurried with their captive.

Naught but rough, broken rocks, hemmed in by adamantine walls, that towered skyward, rent by deep fissures, with here and there a jutting crag, avoided even by the "big-horn," that found no browsing-place except upon the opposite side of the range; such was the spot to which the two outlaws now hastened; and the secret of their knowledge of the place was soon revealed. For, at a low whistle from Bud, an Indian, of a most repulsive and murderous look, sprung with a loud "Waugh" from a rocky cleft, and confronted them.

His long black hair was thrust back from his forehead, and a dirty red kerchief, bound tightly, held the same in place.

A short bow and a quiver of arrows were held at his back by a strip of beaded buckskin.

A more fiendish looking human being could not be produced; and his character was probably more fiendish than his appearance.

His make of arms and general build proclaimed him an Apache—probably a renegade from his tribe.

"Good boy, Satan!" said Bud, with relief. "Lead on ter ther hole; fer I sw'ar I doesn't b'lieve I c'u'd find hit ef I hunted a month o' Sundays."

"Jim, take her! I swan ter cristy, I'm plum broke up comin' through ther rocks."

The Indian stood in his tracks; a look of won-

der upon his hideous face, striped as it was with parallel streaks of gypsum and vermillion.

"I'll take her, Bud," said Jim, reluctantly; "but I'll own thet I never 'spects ter hev another streak o' luck arter this hyer scrape. I wish't I hedn't 'a' gone inter hit. Ef I doesn't lay fer thet States cuss what sot us onto hit, I hopes ter never slash another mail-bag!"

With these words, Jim took Lena in his arms, she being still unconscious, and Bud shook himself, as if with great relief.

The Apache then pointed to the captive, saying:

"Heap bad medicine!"

"Dang'd ef yer ain't right, Satan. But lead on; we want to get her off our hands," said Jim.

The Indian, with a light, springy step, led the outlaws, by many a winding way, amid the bowlders, and along the foot of the range. He then sprung upward for some distance on the mountain side; when, turning an abrupt bend within a winding fissure, they all entered an arched passage, soon emerging into a cave chamber.

From this they passed into another, smaller in extent, the floor of which was covered with robes. A couch, rough tables, and benches being scattered here and there about the apartment.

As they entered, Jim placed the still insensible form of their unhappy captive upon the couch, and the same instant, a young man of dissipated appearance, with a flushed face and flashy attire, reeled into the cave chamber, and gave a yell of mingled exultation, relief, and triumph, as he recognized Lena Reynolds.

Staggering into the middle of the apartment, after one glance at the face of Lena, he thrust his hands into his pockets, jerked them forth full of gold eagles, and threw them high in the air toward Jim, Bud, and the Indian.

Then, giving another yell, he strove for a moment to keep his standing position, staggering right and left, back and forth, but in vain.

The next moment he fell prostrate upon the floor, and there lay in drunken insensibility.

Again the Indian's arm was raised, his finger pointing first at the prostrate man, and then at the Angel of the Range, as he uttered, in a significant manner:

"Heap bad medicine!"

CHAPTER VII.

BECOMING CONVIVIAL.

THE "Terrantaler o' Taos" was forced to thrust the brim of his sombrero into his mouth to smother the laughter that convulsed his burly frame, as the landlord of the "Nugget" went flying over the bar, and over himself as he lay crouched on the floor.

When the victim of his cowardly and dangerous practical joke landed in the street however, and rolled in the dirt, and the Tarantula began to realize that the shrieks of Hank could be heard from afar, he ran quickly out, grasped his victim in his arms, returned, and seated him on the end of the counter, leaning him against the front slabs of the room.

He strove to speak, but only a gurgling and

rattling in his throat, and a spasmodic contraction of his face was the result of the attempt.

"Dang my cast-iron heart!" said the Tarantula, assuming an air of sympathy and pity, which was ludicrous in the extreme. "What's ther matter wi' yer pard? Does yer git sich fits often? Ef yer, does, I'd 'vise yer ter hev somebody roun' ter take keer o' yer. Ef I hedn't 'a' glided this-a-way, you'd made a clean jump inter kingdom come, without makin' yer will, er sayin' 'so-long' ter yer frien's."

"Hit seems ter me thet ye'r 'a' ormighty small specimun of a human ter run a burg o' ther size o' Sardine-box City all erlone. Whar in thunderation air ther 'citz' o' this one-hoss locate?"

"Howsomever, I kin wait fer an explain ontil yer annertommercal 'rangements gits back ter nat'ral biz. Don't wag yer tongue ontil yer heart begins ter go pitty-pat, like a cat lappin' milk."

The landlord then leaned forward, and threw his legs over the counter, bracing himself with both hands upon it; meanwhile gazing in a perplexed manner at the man before him, whom he did not remember ever having seen before.

"Doesn't s'pose yer ever fixed yer peepers on ter my 'Pollo like 'natermy afore," said the Tarantula, straightening himself proudly.

"Howsomever, I'm ther pilgrim thet kin spit out your cog 'thout scratchin' my brain-box, an' ef I ain't mistook, ye'r' Hank Holbrook!"

The little black eyes of the landlord expressed surprise and pleasure, as he extended his hand, which was grasped quickly by his guest, and so violently shaken that he was jerked from the counter to the floor; a grimace of pain contorting his red and bloated features, as he cried out:

"Hold on, stranger! Dang my cats, ef yer hes gut a iron heart, I wants yer ter undercomstan' thet my hand air Simon-pure meat an' bone an' bleed; 'sides, I doesn't keer ter be shoved roun' much, fer I'm shaky jist now. My pegs is all loose, an' I'm not jist squar' in my thinkin'-box."

"Whar in thunderation did yer come from, an' what's bin ther difficult wi' me? Dang'd ef I didn't go ter sleep, an' wake up whar I c'u'd take a double-bar'led afferdavy thet I smelled brimstone an' see'd ther blaze. What war I a-doin' when yer fu'st 'roved in this hyer burg?"

"Yer war a-tryin' ormighty hard ter dig yer own grave, out in ther street yonder," answered the Tarantula, with a loud laugh. "I'll sw'ar I never see'd a human scratch gravel livelier. Hit war es good es a circus—dang'd ef it warn't! Reckon heart disease er 'perplexity must run in yer famerly, doesn't hit?"

"Nary a apperplexy," said Hank. "I reckon hit's a leetle too hefty a surply o' whisk' thet run down my errigatin' pipe. I'm a ole fool, an' I hes come dang'd nigh skippin' over ther divide."

"What's yer cog, stranger? Whar did yer 'rove from? An' whar air yer a-p'intin'?"

"Don't ax tew many questions ter onc't. I'm a cellerbrated border hero, I am. I come from up-range, an' I'm p'inted down funder ef this hyer burg don't pan out ter suit me."

"I'm a high-fly promernader o' ther perrarers an' meanderer o' ther mountings, I takes my

see-estars on the peaks, 'bove ther flip-flap of a buzzard's wing. I'm a roarin' rager an' a terror when I gits on a jim-jam glide, an' hes ther contract fer startin' stiff-yards fer every burg what's slapped up on ther range."

"Jist listen ter ther dung-dong o' my iron heart. I'm ther Terrantaler o' Taos, a terror ter tenderhuffs, a bad bird on buffler, and a perforator o' pilgrims that peramberlates over my pertater patch."

"I'm ther Terrantaler what never lost a leg. My breath air p'ison, an' I war hatched with a full set o' grinders, thet kin crunch up quartzes speedy an' es fine es any mersheen on ther range. When I strike a pay lead I doesn't hev ter lay roun' fer capital ter start biz, but I goes right straight ter chawin' an' shippin' ore."

"I pards wi' nobuddy 'ceptin' when I'm floatin' 'bout arter fluids. Thet 'minds me—Hank, slide 'em out ag'in! Hit's my treat, an' thar's ther yaller rocks ter liquerdate fer ther lightnin' liquid."

"Whoop er-up! Whoop er-e-e-e!"

"Hyar I air! Gaze et me! Hyar's the Terrantaler o' Taos on a jim-jamboree!"

As the bul y rattled off this extravagant harangue, at times bringing his huge fist down on the bar with a slam that caused the decanters on the shelf beyond to tremble, as well as the nervous landlord, the bead-like eyes of the latter expressed much astonishment and admiration, mingled with no little apprehension.

This highly gratified the braggart and caused him to "cotton" to Hank, who, if he had any doubts in regard to his guest being a "great border hero," had them soon dispelled by the display of a handful of twenty-dollar gold-pieces, which the giant slapped down ostentatiously on the bar.

"Dang'd ef I ain't ormighty tickled ter hev yer run in on us," said Hank, with emphasis, as he again extended his hand for a fresh shake.

"I doesn't jist now reckermember o' hearin' tell on yer, though I s'pose I hes. Yer see I'm purty well broke up, from bein' tuck by ther cussed 'Paches, an' my reg'lar whisk' cut off. Ef hit hadn't 'a' bin fer Giant George I'd 'a' bin tortur'd, an' so would my ole woman."

"Thet makes me think thet ye'r' 'bout ther same beft an' hight es George. Yer'd make a tough ole pa'r o' pards fer a big party ter buck ag'in' ef yer'd both git started tergether."

"Reckon yer knows George—the Bald Headed Eagle o' ther Rockies—everybuddy purty nigh, down an' up range, knows him."

"Ya-as, I hes heerd o' him," said the bully, his face suddenly expressing anxiety. "Reckon he ain't 'bout these diggin's now, air he?"

"He's up et Dead Man's Gulch, wi' Arizone Jack, an' ther Angel, an' some other kaliker-kivered humans; but I'm 'spectin' 'em ter-night. I'll interduck ver when he 'roves."

"Dang my iron heart!" said the Tarantula; "hit's lucky thet I skuted this-a-way from Chico City, whar I hed bin runnin' ther burg fer awhile. I'm glad ter git a show ter run ag'in' thet Giant George."

Although the braggart thus spoke, he resolved to "skip the town" before the arrival of the celebrated scout, who well knew his character and history.

But the liquor had to a certain extent blunted his judgment and also his dread of meeting George, or he would have left Sardine-box City without delay.

"Whar in thunderation air ther citz o' this here burg?" he asked, as they again clicked glasses. "I thought, dead sure, when I just 'roved, ther town hed bu'sted."

"Dang my thick head! I orter 'a' tole yer afore," said Hank. "Yer see, ther Slip-up Mine hain't never bin wo'th a tinker's cuss since ther shaf' war sunk, because thar warn't dust enough in ther hull burg ter pay fer a crusher, an' furnisses, an' sich. We-'uns war nigh bu'sted—bet yer life!"

"But Giant George an' ther Angel 'roved jist in time ter save us an' ther burg, fer they brunged 'long all ther mersheenery fer ther Slip-up. Thet air three days back, an' ther hull burg hes bin on a jim-jamboree ever since; this sun-up bein' ther fu'st time anybuddy c'u'd git down ter any sense."

"They hes all gone now ter unlcad ther wagons, takin' a John demy o' whisk' 'long ter lubercate tha'r in'ards, an' keep snakes from hatchin' in tha'r butes."

Thus did the Tarantula and Hank Holbrook converse—one or the other treating every few minutes, until both were prostrated. Then the giant crawled in behind the bar, and clasping Hank in his arms, the two fell together into a deathlike slumber upon the floor.

CHAPTER VIII.

EXCITEMENT AMONG THE "CITZ."

THE Slip-up Mine, as has been mentioned, was about half a mile from the street of Sardine-box City, and the discovery of the vein of gold-bearing quartz alone had prevented the depopulation of the little town.

Some of the citizens had also been fortunate in their search for "pocket" deposits, but they dared not venture, for fear of the marauding Apaches.

These, although prevented from leaving the burg, had no great inclination to do so, as, from frequent battling against common dangers and privations, they had become, so to speak, one family.

Lena Reynolds had, by her generosity, enabled the "citz" to hold together; for, previous to her departure from the place after her marriage with Mr. Reynolds, she had supplied them with liberal donations from the treasure left by her murdered brother.

All had been equally anxious to serve and save her from the power of the bandits, and some had lost their lives in her rescue. She had, therefore, enjoined upon those whom she left behind when she returned to the "States," that they should hold together until she should be able to develop the Slip-up Mine.

Matters being in this condition, it was no wonder that when Giant George returned, all, supposing that he had brought news of the mill and furnaces, went wild with joy. Nor, that they also went wild with grief, when they learned that their benefactress had been in the coach which they had drawn down to the canyon, and which had been rifled by the Apaches.

No men were ever more desperately deter-

mined to battle to the death than the "citz," when they started on the rescue. In this they had succeeded but four days previous to the opening of this narrative.

The arrival of the wagon-train, with the long-coveted furnaces and mill, which promised prosperity to all, had caused the "citz," as Hank Holbrook expressed it, "ter b'ile over wi' pure glad an' ter cellerbrate by gittin' drunk es b'iled owls."

This celebration had lasted three days and nights, during which Sardine-box City had been turned into a pandemonium. The women had taken up their quarters at the boulder near the canyon during this time on a picnic by themselves, having been drawn there in a wagon, fully provisioned, Marm Holbrook taking charge of the culinary department.

Upon the fourth morning, however—which was the commencement of our tale—the wagons had hitched up, and with feeble cheers, for all had yelled themselves hoarse, the train proceeded to the Slip-up Mine, at the foot of the range, with great difficulty, much labor being required to clear the way.

It was in the middle of the forenoon when the wagons reached the point where the various machinery was to be unloaded at the mouth of a shaft which had been excavated by most laborious hand-drilling and blasting.

The course traveled led up a wild gorge, its sides rough and broken; the same making an abrupt bend at the foot of the mountains, forming a huge basin, the shaft being on the north side, and at the very base of the towering ridge.

The sides of this huge natural excavation were fifty feet high, at all points except at the opening at the west, and the mountain-side; all being rough, craggy and broken, and almost inaccessible, to ascend or descend, being at the risk of limb, if not of life.

The bed of the basin was comparatively level, and of not more than a half-acre in extent.

Here a busy scene was presented when the train arrived; the wagons being left as far as possible from each other, and the oxen detached, and allowed to roam, still in yoke, down the gorge.

There were some thirty red and blue-shirted miners, all told; each armed, and wearing the inevitable wide-brimmed sombrero of the Southwest. Their faces were as joyous as those of any crowd of men ever congregated together; for Tom Jones, the Sheriff of Sardine-box City, and superintendent of the mine, as well as general leader in everything at the burg, had called all hands, at what he deemed the proper time, and dealt out a reasonable amount of whisky to each. This, he thought was necessary to counteract the demoralizing of their stomachs, consequent upon the indulgence of the three days previous.

When the oxen were clear of the basin, all set at work with a will to unload and place in secure positions the various castings and machinery for the working of the mine; and as no sheds had as yet been built, under which these valuables could be placed, the tilts of the wagons were removed, and placed over each load, to protect them from the dew of the com-

ing night—the intention being to erect sheds on the following day.

The "citz" had passed so many trials, hardships, actual want, and deadly danger of the Indians and outlaws since the settlement of the town—battling successfully with all, and having only a few days before almost annihilated the band of Apaches under the celebrated chief, El Orso, that they dreamed not of any present danger—in fact, it seemed impossible that anything could now occur to mar their present security. Both outlaws and Indians had been, as Tom Jones expressed it, "wiped out slick and clean."

Not that they supposed they would be exempt from danger in the days to come; for Arizona swarmed with hostile bands of red-men, and almost as desperate and merciless white outlaws.

But disaster and danger had so long been their portion—they having been almost continuously fighting against both, they imagined now that they had banished all—and, to crown everything, the "Angel" of the burg was with them, and had brought with her all that they had hoped and longed for.

They were, therefore, certainly justified in supposing that they would, for a time at least, be free from all outside hostile interference, and could go on uninterrupted with the one grand object of their ambition, to wit: the rigging up into working order of the Slip-up Mine.

The old name still clung to the shaft, regardless of all attempts to call it otherwise.

And such was the general state of feeling.

It was almost night when the last wagon was stripped of tilt, and the unlading of the same commenced, Tom Jones yelling in a cheery voice as the work went on:

"Whoop-er-up, boyees! We'll soon hev this hyer schooner stripped, an' then we'll empty ther John-demy, and glide fer ther Nugget ter raise a leetle rumpus with Giant George; fer I reckon he's got back from Dead Man's Gulch by this."

A faint cheer arose at this from the weary miners. They set to work with a will; but, in a few moments, all stopped at once, sprung erect, and gazed open-mouthed toward the entrance of the basin—their faces expressing the utmost amazement and apprehension.

"Dog my cats!" exclaimed the sheriff, in the most intense surprise, "what ther dickens air up down ther gulch?"

And well might he ask the question, although the next instant he interpreted the sounds aright, as did they all, and sprung into the wagons for safety.

An indescribable din now filled the air, the oxen, with their yokes still upon them, rushing into the opening in a wild stampede.

"Jump, boyees! Run fer ther rocks, er we're mashed to jelly! Run fer yer lives!"

Thus yelled Tom Jones, and his order was quickly obeyed; indeed, many realized the danger before he spoke. But before the mass of flying miners had crossed half the distance between the wagons and the base of the mountain that promised them safety, the crack of rifles sounded in their ears, and four of their number fell, with loud cries of agony, in their tracks.

All now halted, in a dazed condition, but the overwhelming mass of maddened brutes in their rear, caused them to dash onward and leave their fallen comrades to their fate.

On dashed the avalanche of terrified beasts, surging against each other, and allowing no hesitation in front; grinding as they went, the miners who had been shot, from all semblance of humanity.

As Tom Jones and the "citz" stood behind huge boulders near the shaft, speechless with horror, again rung the sharp crack of rifles from some unseen marksmen, echoing from cleft to cleft, and from crag to crag, and three more hardy sons of the mountains threw up their arms, and sunk with heavy groans upon the rocks.

"Come on, boyees!" cried Tom. "Git fer ther shaft! Ther cussed cowards hes ther deadwood on us hyer, whoever they bees. May I never meet my ole marm over ther divide, ef I doesn't hunt ther hellyuns what shot our pards. I'll hunt 'em ter ther eend o' this hyer yearth!"

Horried and mystified beyond expression, unable to articulate a word in the dread that ruled them, the crowd of miners hastily sprung for the shaft of the Slip-up, and gained a position of safety, just as the stampeding oxen rushed back, down the gorge, striving in frenzied efforts to drag along with them their maimed mates, unable to walk or stand, and that were still yoked to them.

For fully half an hour, Tom Jones and the "citz" remained in the shaft, until the shadows of night enveloped the basin: none, not even the sheriff, being able to understand the origin of this new and terrible calamity that had fallen upon them.

The character and color of the mysterious marksmen, it was beyond their comprehension to decide; but there were none who did not register a terrible and binding oath, to trace out the cowardly assassins, hunt them to the earth, and consign them to a fearful and ignominious death.

But, as the shades of night fell all became impatient, and Tom Jones led the way out from the basin and down the gulch.

No thought now of the Slip-up Mine.

No thought now of the furnaces and other machinery, now doubtless broken and worthless, by the hoofs of the maddened animals.

No thought of gold or gain, of hunger or rest—naught but revenge stirred the souls of the surviving miners.

"Come on, boyees!" again yelled Tom Jones. "Come on! ther hellyuns gut ther deadwood on us, but we'll kerral 'em yet. Come on fer ther burg, an' our rifles!"

CHAPTER IX.

MARM HOLBROOK'S DISCOVERY.

THE landlady of the Nugget Hotel was the mother of the burg, as Hank proudly expressed it "the fu'st female woman that ever struck ther locate."

She had a habit of smoothing her hair, first with the palm of one hand and then with that of the other, while in conversation. This seemed to assist her in expressing herself; as did also a frequent smoothing out of the kinks

in her calico apron, a vestment which extended to within a couple of inches of the terminus of the skirt.

This garment was exchanged for a spotless white one, with a linen collar about her neck, when kitchen duties were through with for the day.

Marm Holbrook was a pleasant body to look upon, and reminded many a young miner of his mother, far away on the old farm in the "States."

It was several hours previous to the *entree* of the "Terrantaler o' Taos" into Sardine-box City, and but a short time after the departure of Giant George, Arizona Jack, and the women, to visit the grave of Sam Lawrence at Dead Man's Gulch, that the good landlady put the finishing touches to her kitchen work, and was about to ascend the stairs, and tidy up the apartments of her female guests; especially the one occupied by Lena, and which she called her "bestest room."

Never had Marm Holbrook been happier, and more contented with her lot on the wild border, than since her rescue from the Apaches. Her joy originated as much from having again met with Lena Reynolds, as from her rescue.

The worthy hostess looked with veneration upon every thing that belonged to Lena; and the chamber of "ther Angel" she considered a consecrated room.

Not once since the return of Mrs. Reynolds had Marm Holbrook pestered Hank in regard to "levanting back Texas-way," as had been her wont; for the company of the "Angel" was all that was necessary to make the world seem bright to the motherly and simple-minded woman. And this, although they were in a portion of the world that was filled with deadly perils, and far from being a Paradise.

Marm Holbrook and Lena Reynolds were the women of all women to the "citz" of the burg, and were closely connected with the history of the town.

As we have said, Marm Holbrook was through with her kitchen-work, and taking a look around her neatly arranged culinary department with much satisfaction, she stepped quickly to the bar-room door, and opened it slowly, resolved to ascertain the cause of the silence that now reigned there.

Not a soul was to be seen in the room; but a familiar swine-like snoring indicated the presence of her better-half behind the bar; and she advanced to the end of the counter, and peering around it, discovered Hank in the same condition as the Tarantula had found him.

Shaking her fist at the sleeping man, she muttered:

"Dog-gone yer, Hank Holbrook! Yer leetle, sneakin', insignifercant, puserlanimous, goodfer-nothin' whisk'-sucker! I must say, though I'm a meetin'-house woman, an' should love my enemies, I must say thet I e'ena'most hate yer. Yer hes dragged me clean from Texas-way, which war hitself a tough hole ter locate inter, ter ther foot-hills an' bowlders o' ther Rocky Mountains; an' now ye're a-pourin' all our wealth down yer throat. When yer skips outen this world, hit'll be a lively time; an' ef I ain't much mistook, yer'll help ter make ther music.

"Yer'll linger here-a-ways though, I reckon, until all ther p'ison air gone, an' thar won't be enough left in ther Nugget ter pay fer a pa'r o' bulls an' a Mex' cart, fer me ter levant with back Texas-way.

"Howsomever, thar's one conserlation, er I know I sh'u'd go plum crazy; an' thet air ther Angel. She won't see Marm Holbrook want fer nothin', long es she hangs out in this triberlous world.

"With these words, her features expressing extreme disguist, Marm Holbrook left the bar-room, slowly keeping step with Hank's snore, and mounted the stairs to the "bestest room."

So infuriated was the excellent landlady at finding her better-half in such a beastly state, after he had solemnly sworn that he would "taper off outen respect ter ther Angel o' Pen-arlayno Range," that she kept on in her duties, still muttering to herself, and heard nothing of the entrance of the Tarantula. The first thing that startled her from her reverie was an unearthly yell from Hank.

Stepping to the window, Marm Holbrook gazed out and below, discovering Hank rolling in the street, and tearing at the earth, as if in a terrible fit.

Back she dashed, and threw herself on "ther bestest bed," covering her face in her hands, in hopeless agony.

"Jist ez I s'posed," she groaned; "Hank's gut 'em ag'in! He must be a iron man ter hev had 'em so many times, an' still linger in Arizone. Hit makes me es sick es a yeller dog ter look et him.

"Ef he starts ter come up ther sta'rs, I'll hove ther hull o' ther furnitur' down on him 'ceptin' what's in ther bestset room. Oh, my! Oh! Lordy me! Ef ther Angel sh'u'd faint dead away, outen pure shame!"

Thus, for a long time, lay Marm Holbrook, her head covered, and hearing nothing of the conversation that ensued between Hank and the Tarantula.

At last, the utter death-like stillness, so unusual in the Nugget, again alarmed Marm Holbrook, and she sprung to her feet, listening intently.

"Dang'd ef he ain't gone dead this trip, sure an' sart'in!" she said to herself, in a hoarse whisper.

"I do declar' I shill faint! I shill die hyer, all erlone—I'm dead sure on hit, fer I can't breathe nat'ral. I jist know Hank wouldn't shet his yell trap ef he hed any life left. I wished I hed gone with ther Angel, an' George, an' t'others, ef I did hev ter meander 'mong ther bowlders an' sich—dang my back ha'r ef I doesn't!

"He war a good-hearted soul anyway, an' always war easy-like wi' me, though I did r'ar up, an' b'ile over purty often, an' sling some purty peppery 'Nited States et him. Hevins an' 'arth! How'll I git erlong without him? I shill die—I know I shill—an' whar'll I go tew when I dew? Not hevin' bin inside o' a meetin'-house in a hefty run of moons, I really doesn't b'lieve I kin say over ther shortest hymn I ever l'arned, an' I ain't a-goin' ter try, fer ef I can't hit'll work me up a heap more. I'm a-quiverin' all over, an' I'll hev a conniption fit, ef I lingers

hyer. Hit's wuss ter think than ter see; so I'll glide down an' 'vestergate ef hit kills me!"

Silently Marm Holbrook stole across the room, and descended the stairs as if treading on eggs, every creak of the boards causing her to tremble.

Cautiously she opened the bar-room door, her eyes bulging, expecting some horrible sight to burst into view, but not a human being dead or alive, was in sight.

Listening for an instant, her face suddenly changed its expression, great relief, however, merging back into the disgust and indignation that had ruled her on her previous visit to the bar; for a sound struck her ears, unmistakably a snore, or a continuous series of them, so blended together as to sound extremely peculiar.

Stepping with great care, her form half bent forward, Marm Holbrook reached out her hand, and, grasping the end of the counter, drew herself along and peeped behind the bar. To her horror and amazement, she beheld the outstretched form of a gigantic man, with bruised and bloated features that were hideous to look upon; his clothing torn and soiled, his hair and beard unkempt and tangled.

The eyes of this stranger were closed, his huge mouth was wide open and giving out beastlike snores, and his broad breast was rising and falling spasmodically, as if dread dreams ruled his heavy slumbers.

This picture Marm Holbrook saw, and nothing else, for Hank was shielded from her view by the counter. For an instant the landlady gazed, with mouth agape and eyes staring with astonishment.

Then the Tarantula threw one arm wildly in air, as his dreams became more exciting, and Marm Holbrook gave a piercing shriek and ran as she had never before run, gathering her scanty skirts upward to enable her to bound more rapidly.

Her back hair became freed from its usual prim condition and flew wildly behind, as through the kitchen and out at the door she sped, directly to the stone bake oven in the yard at the door of the Nugget. Into this she lunched herself head-foremost and disappeared from view.

CHAPTER X.

IN A TRAP.

To describe the anguish of Giant George, as he clutched the pine boughs and crushed them in his iron grasp, while he stared upon the crumpled grass that grew upon the graves of Sam Lawrence and poor Terrif would be impossible.

Only a few days previous he had rescued the "Angel" from the clutches of the merciless Apaches, and but a little more than three months before she had been abducted from this very spot by a gang of outlaws.

El Capitan, her brother's murderer, who had ruined her father, and alienated her lover from her, had sworn to crush her. Through his spies he had learned of her arrival in Sardine-box City, on a visit to her

brother's grave, and with a purpose of avenging him.

This knowledge caused the bandit chief to set a watch on the grave, and while Giant George was within the basin, keeping at a distance out of respect for her grief, she had been spirited away.

He had saved her then, and her long alienated lover had taken a part in the fierce fight in which El Capitan, otherwise Edward Willoughby, was killed.

And now, after all whom she cared for had been snatched from her by the merciless hand of death, and she had returned to Arizona, to be near her brother's grave, and to befriend those who had fought for her to the death—now that George had brought her back, not dreaming that further danger or trouble could be in her way, she had vanished without a word or cry, stolen from her brother's grave a second time.

Since Lena's rescue from the Apaches she had never seemed like herself—the hand of death appeared to have been laid upon her.

Her face, so pale, yet more beautiful than ever, seemed to speak more of another world than this.

To the giant scout she always seemed to be different, to be far above other mortals.

Arizona Jack, who had stopped to quiet and reassure Warnitta and Marietta, was dumfounded at their assertion that Lena Reynolds had disappeared. He now entered the motte, close followed by the weeping women.

Advancing, and placing a hand upon the shoulder of Giant George, he said, in a low and sympathetic voice:

"Come, Pard George! It is no time for meditation. We might as well look facts in the face. It is very evident that misery and danger are plants that thrive wonderfully, and grow thick around Sardine-box City.

"Lena Reynolds was born under an unlucky star—that is evident—but let us hope that we shall be enabled to get her out of this fix, as we did before, when there seemed not the slightest hope."

The giant scout took the hand of Jack, but was unable to articulate a word. He looked inquiringly at the weeping women beyond.

"Indeed, Senor George," said Marietta, "we know nothing in regard to our dear Lena. We stopped at the margin of the pines until we thought she had been long enough by herself, and then we came here, but she was gone. Where can she be?"

Warnitta threw herself upon the ground in prayer.

"Come, come, George, let us go to work. She must be found. Some fiend in human shape has been here. Study the 'sign,' old

pard, and we'll follow it up, and neither eat nor sleep until she is safe."

At these words the giant scout straightened himself erect, and said in tremulous tones:

"Onc't my faith in ther Lord 'bout gi'n out, when ther 'Paches tuck her; but I 'gins ter think thet He ain't 'sponser'ble fer what humans er onhumans does arter He puts 'em hyer. His ways kinder flusterates me; but I hopes, ef He does control human critters, thet He'll keep her from sufferin' an' misery this time.

"I hes tried ter be squar' an' white all er-long, an' I hopes He'll gi'n me another show ter snatch her from danger an' death."

During these words of Giant George, Jack had removed his sombrero, and preserved a prayerful mien, while Marietta threw herself upon her knees by her mother. Soon the huge scout's manner changed like a flash of light. A stern, revengeful determination settled upon his face, and every nerve and gesture betrayed the firm resolution and indomitable will for which he was so famed. Giant George was himself again.

Throwing himself upon the grave, at the same time giving a gesture of caution, and a silent command by look and wave of hand, that all should remain as they were, he began to examine each imprint and bunch of bruised grass, as well as the disarranged pine needles around the cave, eventually reaching the thick clump where Bud and Jim had lain in wait for their captive.

At once he sprung to his feet, exclaiming:

"Pard Jack, ther hellyuns hes gut her, dead sure an' sart'in!"

"White or red?" asked Arizona Jack.

"White faces, but black hearts, an' I'll tear 'em out, er I'm a liar!"

"What white men can there be around here who would do such a deed?"

"They hesn't been hyer more'n a week, an' I reckon they come from Grandee ways."

"How in the name of wonder do you ascertain that?"

"They w'ars Mex' shoes," was the laconic reply, as the giant scout proceeded to follow up the trail to the wall of the basin, where all signs ceased.

He then proceeded to ascertain if the abductors had gone west, by examining the ground from the base of the range directly south and toward the canyon.

There he discovered the trail of the two horses, one of which had been ridden by the bandit spy, the other, with the loaded saddle, led by him.

The plain "sign" left in the thicket where the single horse had been secured was also

found; but, as this evidence was so conclusive and plain, the scout did not waste time in ascertaining if one or two animals had been left there—the almost positive supposition being that there had been two, and that Lena had been carried away upon one of them.

Hastily running along the trail for some distance, until it pointed down the wash-out toward the canyon, Giant George bounded back to the basin, on the bank of which stood Arizona Jack.

"Jump yer critter, an' take keer o' ther weemin in ther canyon! Thar's only one hellyun thet's gut ther Angel, an' I kin kernal him, an' save her in an hour."

Thus yelled George, as he ran toward the head of the gulch where the horses had been left, sprung upon his steed, and spurred down the dark depths toward the canyon, regardless of the protestations of Jack, who, much to his chagrin, was forced to remain.

Hastily placing the weeping women upon their horses, and leading the animal of Lena Reynolds, Jack rode on to the canyon, determined to guard and guide Warnitta and Marietta to within a safe distance of Sardine-box City, and then return and overtake his pard.

The latter dashed up the canyon at headlong speed, alone; soon reaching the point where the wash-out entered the same! Here he discovered the trail of the two horses, which led up the vast chasm toward the northwest; the point at which, four days previous, he and the "citz" had engaged in a fierce fight with the Apaches, and saved Lena and Marietta from a fate far worse than death.

On dashed the giant scout, his eagle glance bent ahead, now and then gazing downward along the sandy bed of the canyon to reassure himself that the trail still led as he was galloping.

Some five miles had been passed over, and he neared the scene of the recent fierce fight with the Apaches under El Orso, when, as he was passing over a space of soft sand, which gave out no sound from the fast-flying hoofs of his horse, his keen ear detected a sound that caused him to jerk his steed to its haunches, and listen intently.

There could be no mistake. The fierce and exultant yells of the Apaches sounded clearly from the direction of the range, and the heart of the brave scout sprung to his throat, his brain reeled, and he came near falling from his horse. He now realized that, in all probability, the "Angel" was again in the power of the ruthless savages; and he, alone and unaided, could not rescue her, except under cover of night.

He knew that it had not been Indians that

had stolen Lena from the basin; but he reasoned that the outlaw whites who had abducted her, had been, together with herself, captured by the vengeful few of the Apache war-party, who perhaps had been forced to remain in the vicinity of their recent defeat on account of their wounds, or their wounded comrades.

Quickly dashing up a small wash-out that led toward the range from the canyon, the giant scout secreted his horse, and proceeded stealthily on foot.

No other mortal on earth could, by their jeopardy or influence, cause him for a moment to lose one iota of self-possession in such a case, or cause him to hesitate when the course was plain before him.

But so attached had he become to Lena Reynolds, and such was his sympathy for her, in her deep and manifold afflictions, that his great heart was filled to bursting, and his brain was benumbed by this new and totally unexpected predicament and danger that had come upon her, when her physical condition was such that she ought not to have been out of her room.

With six-shooter clutched tightly in hand, and his senses strained to catch every sight or sound, on stole Giant George, like a panther creeping upon its prey.

Soon the fierce whoops and yells were close at hand.

With his very soul in his eyes, the huge scout crept into a dense thicket, on the very verge of the basin, when a strange and terrible sight presented itself, for which, however, he was partly prepared.

He had for some time realized that the sounds were made by squaws, and he knew that they were the women of the slain Apaches, who had lingered behind when their lords had met death, perhaps with the hope of getting an opportunity for revenge, or unwilling to return to another branch of the tribe.

From the time that Giant George satisfied himself that these infuriated squaws were ahead, he had given up all hope for Lena Reynolds, for he knew they would tear her limb from limb, after slow torture.

He staggered, therefore, into the thicket, and parting the branches, as though he was about to gaze on the mutilated form of the one he so revered, saw, to his surprise, that Lena was not there.

A terrible scene it was; but a second glance around caused the eyes of the scout to brighten, and he felt that retribution was not a farce after all.

That which he saw was more than two-score hideous Apache squaws, their long hair flying wild, and tossed in the air by a hellish dance, as they circled around a roughly-

dressed white man, whom they had secured to a stake in the middle of the basin.

It required but a moment's reasoning to prove to Giant George that the man at the stake belonged to the gang that had abducted Lena Reynolds, and that he had been detailed to lead pursuers on a false trail.

In proof of this the fully-equipped horses stood below, secured to cedars. The saddles and bridles were of Texas make, and upon one of them was bound a large stone.

All was now plain to the giant scout.

He saw that he had been cunningly duped.

The face of the man at the stake was the pallor of death, and his eyes were staring from their sockets, as the squaws, with fiendish yells, drew their short camp-knives to scarify him, as they passed him in their hellish dance.

The captive was stripped to the waist, and from neck to belt his skin was white.

This caused Giant George to linger for an instant.

This man was bad; but what had made him so? Perhaps bad influences in youth.

He had most certainly been acting for another, in misleading those who sought to save Lena Reynolds; and he by no means deserved the terrible fate that was arranged for him.

The eyes of the squaws flashed fury, and the scout knew that a prolonged and most horrible torture awaited the doomed man.

These thoughts flashed in a moment through the brain of Giant George, and his decision was made as quickly.

Leveling his revolver, without hesitation he pulled the trigger, and the head of the captive fell forward upon his breast, the bullet having pierced his forehead, and death ensuing instantly.

As the sharp report rung through the basin every squaw stopped and gazed upward in amazement and apprehension. Then, as they comprehended the object of the shot, and turning about, saw their captive was dead, a blood-curdling and terrible yell burst simultaneously from them. But as that yell sounded, five shots in quick succession were fired by the giant scout into the hideous horde, changing their yells to howls as a number of them fell, pierced by the bullets.

Like avenging furies, a score of the maddened hags sped, with vengeful whoops, to a point in the basin from which they could reach the level, in hot pursuit of the one who had robbed them of their victim and slain some of their number, but Giant George was now galloping like a madman back down the canyon, well knowing that the abductors of Lena Reynolds had conveyed her through the great rocky gorge that split the range at Dead Man's Gulch.

CHAPTER XI.

SAVED AS BY FIRE.

THE presence of men in that dreary, rocky gorge known as Dead Man's Gulch, was not half so deep a mystery as the fact that these men knew of the proposed visit of Lena Reynolds to her brother's grave—for they must have known it, else why had precautions been taken to mislead pursuers.

Who they were, and why they had risked so much to gain possession of the person of the "Angel," were puzzling enigmas that Giant George strove in vain to solve.

She had but a few days before arrived from St. Louis, and these men must, as a matter of course, be strangers in the vicinity. This caused affairs to appear more unaccountable and strange than ever.

That they were outlaws the scout was positive—probably stragglers from some bandit band down the range, who, hearing about the wealth of the benefactress of Sardine-box City, had captured her in hope of ransom.

This was the only reasonable solution of the mystery.

That there had been two men engaged in the business the "sign" showed, but whether the man who had taken upon himself the task to mislead pursuers, and who had been captured by the Apache squaws, was one of the pair, none could say.

Certainly there was no organized band in the vicinity, for the total annihilation of the band of El Capitan had been known far and wide, and would prevent any other such organization from locating in the vicinity for some time to come, even were the "citz" of Sardine-box to "strike it rich."

Giant George had not the remotest idea of going for more help, feeling that, single-handed and alone, he could cope with success against the possibly three or four outlaws, who might be hiding in the rocks with their captive.

The pallid, anguish-stricken face of Lena Reynolds was ever before his mind's eye, urging him onward, and his great fear was that she would die in the hands of the dastards who had carried her off.

Little did George dream that Capitan Black, the notorious bandit who had escaped from the vicinity of Tucson, after nearly all his gang had been shot or hanged, was in the Pinaleno Range with the remnant of his men; that he had, that very day, received a half dozen outlaws into his band, and was preparing to destroy the furnaces and quartz-mill recently received in Sardine-box City, having been hired to do so by a cousin of Lena Reynolds—a wretch who sought revenge on those who had saved his relative from death, thereby preventing him from

enjoying her wealth; his, by law, at her demise.

Had Giant George known this, and also that Carlos La Grange, the cousin of Lena, had followed her and himself from St. Louis and that he was now in a cave at the barren bend, the abduction of the "Angel" would have been no mystery, but the mind of the scout would have been ten times more tortured than it was.

George's chief anxiety was in regard to the feeble state of Lena's health, for he did not once entertain the thought that a white man lived on earth who would do her bodily harm after he had once so much as gazed into her eyes.

Thus thinking and reasoning, he dashed onward, his horse panting with exertion, eventually reaching the gulch, up the dark depths of which he rode, then into the basin, and on beneath the sighing pines that sheltered the graves of Sam Lawrence and poor Terrif.

Here he quickly dismounted, threw off saddle and bridle, leading the animal into a motte on the west side of the basin, within which was a clear grass-grown space, where, securing the end of the lariat to a limb, he left his steed to rest and feed.

Giant George now sprung up the broken northwest side of the basin and bounded like a mountain-goat up the rock-bound gorge of the Pinaleno Range.

We will now return to the cave at the barren bend, where we left Lena Reynolds senseless upon her couch.

The young man who reeled into the cave chamber upon the entrance of Bud, Jim and the Indian, with their fair captive, was none other than Carlos La Grange, the nearest living relative of Lena Reynolds.

He was a dissipated youth about town in St. Louis, and frequented gambling-houses, having brought his father to grief and the grave by his lawless and disgraceful life.

He had several times been saved from prison and conviction on a charge of forgery, his father sacrificing large amounts of money in doing so, thus nearly impoverishing himself.

Carlos had never seen fit to visit at the Lawrence mansion, after the father of Lena had met with heavy losses in investments, brought about by Edward Willoughby, afterward known as El Capitan.

The latter, previous to his going West with Sam Lawrence, had been a boon companion of Carlos.

Not until the death of Lena's near relatives did young La Grange conceive the idea of profiting by his relationship to her; and he would not have dreamed of so doing, had not

stories passed from lip to lip in regard to the vast wealth she had brought from Arizona, and the extensive and paying mining interests in which she was engaged.

Once having formed the resolution of following his widowed cousin, Carlos was not slow in carrying it out. Well supplied with funds, he entered Sardine-box City in the night, accompanied by two desperate characters whom he had engaged in his service, and learning that Lena had been captured by Apaches, his joy knew no bounds.

But when one of the "citz" rode in later, and reported that she had been saved by Giant George, the young man was furious, and with his two companions took to the mountains to plot revenge upon the scout, and lay plans for the capture of his cousin.

Here he fell in with Capitan Black and his men, and bribed the bandit to assist him.

The cave in the barren bend was discovered, and the renegade Apache being the only occupant, he was engaged as guide, and presented with a number of articles which won him willingly and eagerly to their service.

When Jim placed Lena Reynolds upon the couch, and Carlos La Grange staggered into the chamber, the latter did not fully appreciate the importance of the capture or the occasion; but enough sense remained in his muddled brain to cause him much self-congratulation, and to wish to reward his instruments.

This liberality, however, was occasioned as much through fears for his personal safety as aught else; as the desperate characters, with whom he was now associated, inspired him with dread and terror, although he strove to conceal the feeling.

He feared, and with good reason, that he would be murdered for his money, leaving everything to Capitan Black, whom he enjoined to destroy the wagon-train his cousin had sent to Sardine-box City, and to blow up the Slip-up Mine, besides securing the person of Lena Reynolds, and delivering her up to him at the cave.

That Capitan Black had full confidence in being well-paid for his hazardous work, has been proved by his expeditious action, and his well contrived and carried out plans.

Bud and Jim gathered up the gold eagles, thrown by La Grange, as quickly as possible; the Indian disdaining to struggle for the yellow dross, which, however, would not have been the case had it been silver. Then the two bandits grasped their rifles from one corner, Bud saying impatiently:

"Come on, Jim! Cap'll be es mad es ther dickens if we're not on hand ter back him et ther big shindig near ther Slip up. We'll hev hot work thar, pard!

"Mebbe so, Bud; but we hes ther dead-

wood on ther 'citz.' But I'm with yer. So long, Satan!"

With these words the two dashed from the cave, and down the range, leaving Lena, La Grange, and the renegade Indian, its sole occupants.

For some moments after the departure of Bud and Jim, Satan stood contemplating the forms of the unconscious woman and the drunken man.

"Waugh!" he exclaimed, turning away at last; "bad medicine—heap bad medicine!"

Out from the cave stalked the renegade red, and filling his pipe, ensconced himself between two rocks facing the barren vale, dreaming not of danger, and caring nothing for those within the cavern, as scalps were valueless to him now.

Thus the Apache sat for at least an hour and a half, as silent and immovable as the rocks at his side; when suddenly, not ten feet from his position, out from a cleft that wound downward to the base of the range, sprang Giant George, knife in hand!

Quick as a flash of light, the deadly shaft of the Indian was lifted to the string; but, ere the feathered end kissed the paint-daubed cheek, the bright bowie of the giant scout shot through the air, and was buried to the hilt in the bronzed breast of the appropriately-named renegade red.

Bow and feathered shaft fell from the hands, that quickly clasped the handle of the torturing blade; and, with his last strength, he wrenched the steel from his severed vitals, throwing it upon the rocks, where it fell with a clang from his nerveless grasp. The hot blood spurted in a crimson arch into the air, and a horrid death-yell echoed and re-echoed from crag to crag, and through the rocky gorge.

The death-flaming eyes, from out their frame-work of gypsum and vermilion, glared hideously for a moment upon the form of the scout; then, as his hands feebly sought to draw his scalping-knife, he fell forward, and rolled into a cleft of the mountain-side.

Full an hour lay Carlos La Grange upon the floor of the cavern, after the departure of Satan; then, with much exertion, he gained a sitting posture, and gazed around him for some time before he seemed to recall his whereabouts.

Soon, however, his glance rested upon the couch, and a devilishly exultant look overspread his face as he recognized the recumbent form of Lena Reynolds.

After several attempts he regained his feet, and swaying back and forth, clutched frantically at the couch to save himself from

another fall, but in vain, for down he went, his temple striking against the corner of the roughly-made structure, causing the blood to flow profusely.

Mumbling out a volley of curses, he crawled upon hands and knees over the floor, and through the archway where he had entered at the sound of the approach of the men with the captive.

Soon he reappeared, a bottle in one hand.

Holding it to his lips, he took another draught; then paused a moment, and repeated the dose.

Waiting a moment, he walked slowly and hesitatingly toward the couch, as though not confident of keeping his feet.

Reaching it he waved his hand in the air dramatically as he addressed the still senseless Lena Reynolds:

"Welcome, fair coz—welcome to my mountain home!"

Just then the death-yell of the Indian rung through the cavern with horrible vividness, and strange echoings, causing Carlos La Grange to turn pale as death and cease his harangue, but he again grasped the bottle and took a deep draught, not noticing the stealthy step in the outer passage. He then stood and listened.

The giant scout knew that he had now traced the dastardly abductors to their lair, but he hesitated at the entrance of the cave, for there was yet a mystery to unravel.

He had discovered evidences of a number of men, but, as far as he could see, there was but one in the cavern.

From his position, George could not see the form of Lena, although the couch was in view, the raised back being toward him.

However, he was soon able not only to locate her, but to learn much to astonish and infuriate him; for again La Grange spoke, evidently having forgotten the yell, or attributing it to one of the peculiar whims of the Indian guide.

"I asked you, Mrs. Reynolds," repeated Carlos, "if you knew why I had brought you here, but you repudiate my words. I'll tell you!"

"I am your nearest relative. If you die, I shall inherit your wealth; and I tell you, you're 'bout to die. You shall never leave this cave.

"I've hired Capitan Black and his men to smash the mill and machinery you bought with the money I ought to have. And I'll have their infernal mine blowed up this very night!"

"By this time, the infernal Sardines are being shot down like dogs at the mine; and you've got to die now, before my resolution fails me!"

As Carlos La Grange thus spoke, he drew

a glittering dagger, and climbed upon the couch, raising the steel over the breast of the corpse-like and senseless Lena Reynolds.

Like a panther bounding upon its prey, sprung Giant George, his teeth set, and his eyes blazing with long pent-up fury; the strength of a half a dozen men was in his sinewy and gigantic frame, as with a yell of exulting triumph and ungovernable madness he caught the villainous Carlos in his iron grasp, and held the quaking and horror-stricken wretch at arm's length above his head. Then, turning, he rushed with him out of the cavern.

Out along a rocky crag bounded the scout; no mercy in his flashing eyes, until, reaching its edge, he stood upon the same, holding the fear-paralyzed, terror-benumbed wretch above his head, but in such a position that he could view the awful abyss yawning before him—the deep declivity of fully a hundred feet, down to the jagged rocks below!

For a moment, the scout thus held him.

Then with terrible force, the wretched La Grange was shot through the air, far out over that awful height.

Five minutes later, down the mountain-side rushed Giant George, holding fast clutched in his brawny arms, as a mother would her child, Lena Reynolds, the Angel of the Pinaleno Range!

CHAPTER XII.

DING-DONG.

"DOG-GONE ther hull lay-out! I swan hit does 'pear thar never will be nothin' run smooth roun' this hyer condemned burg."

Thus spoke, in soliloquy, Marm Holbrook, as she twisted and turned about in her bake-oven, into which her terror had driven her when she discovered the "Terrantaler o' Taos" stretched out asleep behind the bar, where she had expected to have found her troublesome husband, Hank.

After great difficulty the good lady succeeded in getting into a half-reclining position, facing the entrance to the oven; her back hair, which she rewound into a pug, acting as an apology for a pillow.

In this position, beyond the possibility of being assailed or taken at a disadvantage, the landlady of the "Nugget" again broke out in muttered soliloquy.

"Dod-rot thet cantakerous, overgrown, long-legged, slab-sided, smash-faced, dirty pilgrim what's laid hisself out ahint our bar fer a snooze.

"Whar in thunderation c'u'd Hank hev dis'peared ter? He orter be hove inter ther canyon, an' then ther burg 'u'd stan' a show ter progress.

"I b'lieve he's es bad es ever Jonah war. Thar I goes on Bible facts, when nothin' o' thet sort orter be slung inside o' ten mile o' Sardine-box City; fer thar ain't nobuddy 'ceptin' ther 'Angel' thet's fitted ter mention ther Good Book! Thar ain't no redemption fer none o' ther 'citz,' I don't believe; an' I've been hyer myself until I ain't fit ter 'sociate with meetin'-house folkses. I swan, I sh'u'd tremble my back-ha'r down, ef a gospel-slinger, es Hank calls ther preachers, sh'u'd gaze at me.

"Hyar I am a-gittin' so dang'd desp'rit' wi' ther goin's on thet I cuss es often es Cap'n Kid ever did—I'm a bettin' on hit!

"I'm plum worried ter death all ther time, an' I don't see no show fer things ter glide 'long any diff'runt. Ther 'Angel,' I 'most know, air agoin' ter die, an' leave me; an' then what'll I do? Ther hull burg'll git stavin' drunk ag'in, soon es ther mersheenry air up; an' ef ther 'Slip-up' pans out well arterwards, thar'll be another jamboree. I hev ter hunt some hole every time, an' a griz' b'ar 'll chaw me up yit—I'm dead sure on it!

"I wonder whar ther dickens thet big cuss come from? He's 'bout es sizy es Giant George; an' thet 'minds me. I wish ter gracious George 'u'd come back, an' gi'n him a h'ist outen ther 'Nugget.' Hit's dang'd strange ter me thet ther 'Angel' can't stay ter ther burg, an' not go up ter Dead Man's Gulch ag'in, whar she gut tuck onc't afore, by them or'nary Panthers!

"Sam's gone dead, an' thet's ther eend on it. She can't fotch him back. I reckon, though, that George and Jack kin take keer on her.

"That's another botheration I didn't think on—they 'tends ter go ter 'Tucson, ter take Warnitta an' Mariatta back hum, an' when they's gone thar'll be nobuddy in Sardine-box City thet's 'sponserble er kin be 'pended on.

"O-o-o-h, Lordy! I ain't a-goin' ter borrer trouble, fer hit comes fast'nough. I hain't slep' fer three nights, wi' ther goin's on an' I vow I'll take a nap now; fer this hyer's ther quietest an' safest place I've foun' yit.

"Hit's ormighty strange I never thought o' ther bake-oven afore. I won't say, 'Now I lay me,' fer hit ain't a fit p'ace. Dang yer, Hank Holbrook! I'll fix yer when I git a show et yer. Git!—yer cantankerous—long-legged—mashed-faced—cuss! I'm—er—meetin'-house—"

Thus ending her peculiarly-worded soliloquy, the poor weary soul sunk into a quiet slumber.

While she thus slept the two Castilian women arrived, secured their horses near the oven, unconscious of the landlady's pres-

ence, and entering by the rear door, passed up to their apartment.

As Arizona Jack had guided them up from the canyon to the vicinity of the bowlder, the rifle-shots, fired by the bandits upon the "citz" at the Slip-up Mine struck their ears, and with a cry of amazement, their escort had left them, galloping off toward the range.

With the knowledge that Lena Reynolds was in the power of the lawless men, probably belonging to the same band who were now fighting the "citz," and being unable to account for the absence of Marm Holbrook, and the deathlike stillness that ruled the "Nugget" and the street outside, the situation of Warnitta and her daughter was truly deplorable. Nervous and hysterical as their recent experiences had made them, they were quite unfitted to encounter any further peril or trouble.

It was dusk as Arizona Jack left the two women at the canyon and galloped toward the range.

The last volley of rifle-shots fired at the "citz" had sounded but faintly in his ears, owing to the nature of the ground, before he reached a point at which his horse could descend into the gulch by which the Slip-up Mine was reached; and, at this very moment as he was about to urge his steed downward, the mass of terrified oxen rushed in a wild stampede along the bed of the deep chasm below his position.

Jack understood fully that there was trouble; it was not reasonable to suppose otherwise, but the character of the enemy and their object was a mystery.

However, he was not to remain long ignorant of the facts of the case; for, in the twilight gloom, he soon discovered the "citz" making their way stealthily along the north side of the gulch toward him.

Greatly puzzled and amazed, Jack spurred down to meet and question them.

"What is the meaning of this stampede and firing, Tom Jones?" he demanded, greatly impressed by the stern and grief-stricken faces before him.

"Hit means, Jake," answered the sheriff, "thet a party o' hellyuns, hid in ther rocks, 'bove ther Slip-up, hev shot half a dozen on us, stampeded ther oxens, an' we hesn't bin able ter freeze our peepers onter them."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Jack. "Who can they be, Tom?"

"C'u'dn't say, Pard Jack; but we-uns ain't a-goin' ter stan' like a passel o' dang'd fools, an' be shot in our tracks. Whar in thunderation air Giant George? He mought think o' some way o' sarcumventin' ther condemned cowardly rock-crawlers."

This question brought back to Jack's mind

the fact that the giant scout had gone up the canyon alone, on the trail of Lena Reynolds and her abductors, and his concern and perplexity were doubled. He was at a loss whether to inform the "citz" of the outrage up the range, or not; but a moment's reflection decided him in the affirmative.

"Boys of Sardine-box City," he said; "troubles have never come singly upon you in the past, and this afternoon's work is no exception to the rule."

"You know that Mrs. Reynolds insisted upon visiting her brother's grave, at Dead Man's Gulch. You know also, that Giant George and myself, together with Marietta and her mother, accompanied her; and now, I am forced to explain her absence and that of George."

"Marietta and Warnitta, I have just escorted to Sardine-box City, and Giant George is alone, up the range toward the point where we fought the Apaches."

"He is on the trail of a miscreant who needs hanging. Boys, the Angel of the Range has again been carried off by lawless men, and George is on their trail alone!"

A series of heavy groans broke from the startled citizens, while Tom Jones cried out, in mingled grief and astonishment:

"Dog my cats!"

For a moment all stood still, thunder-stricken at the terrible state of affairs. They had passed through so many dangers, and suffered such privation in keeping up the burg, having just begun to see the silver lining of the cloud of adversity that had so long hung over it, that this disastrous attack, coupled with the knowledge just imparted, that their benefactress was again in the power of lawless men—all this completely unmanned them for the time.

But, when each recalled the pallid face of the "Angel," and realized that she could not be expected to survive any harsh treatment, and also that the dastardly assassins who lurked in the vicinity of the mine would probably destroy the machinery, and with it all hopes of future prosperity—when these two probabilities were fully realized by them there arose simultaneously a yell of frenzied madness and desperation. Then it was, that Arizona Jack saw that the "citz" were eager for revenge, and he cried out:

"Come on, boys! Come on to the burg, and get your rifles! We'll drive these devils from the mine, or die in the attempt. The mill and furnace must be saved. We'll trust Giant George to bring back safe the Angel of the Range!"

Another yell greeted Jack's proposition—a yell of determination, mingled with relief, at having a leader whom they all knew feared nothing, and who had the brains to plan as

well. So, led by Jack, all proceeded toward Sardine-box City.

The first yell given by the "citz" awakened Marm Holbrook, who sprung up, striking her head against the roof of the oven, and causing a deep and meaning exclamation of mingled pain and surprise to burst from her lips.

"Bless my soul!" she cried out. "Whar in ther name o' Gee-hoss-a-fat, air I this trip?"

Feeling about her, for it was quite dark in the oven, she soon recalled the near past; and with great difficulty she forced herself headforemost out from the bake-oven, and then, standing erect, smoothed out her dress and apron, and arranged her back hair as well as she could under the circumstances.

Then she stood a moment in deep thought, gazing toward the "Nugget." At last she exclaimed:

"Now, I've stud this hyer biz jist 'bout es long es I'm goin' ter. I'm dang'd ef any long-legged, long-ha'r'd, slab-sided whisk'-sucker shill keep me outen my own ranch, an' put on airs, drinkin' our bug-juice, an' then snoozin' off ahint ther bar. I sw'ar, hit's enough ter make any meetin'-house woman sw'ar!"

"I'm a-goin' fer him on the jump. I've gut my dander up—dang'd ef I hain't—'bout ther same pitch es when I blazed wi' ther ole shot-gun, an' made one o' El Capitan's Panthers chaw dirt front o' ther 'Nugget.' Hyer goes fer ther strappin', big, hefty snoozer!"

With these words, Marm Holbrook hastened into her kitchen, procured a bucket of not over-clean water, and stole softly into the bar.

It was now nearly dark. The heavy snoring still sounded. Making her calculations as to the position of the burly stranger, Marm Holbrook held the bucket directly over his head, leaned upon the bar, and instantly reversed the vessel.

As the contents were emptied, the landlady dropped the bucket, and ran for dear life through the kitchen-door and up the stairs, rushing into the back chamber and closing the door, fast bolting it.

The noise thus made caused Warnitta and Marietta to shriek with terror; and these sounds so frightened the hostess—she not being aware of the return of the two women—that she shot under the bed, thinking perhaps that the burly stranger had made a change of base, and taken up his quarters in the chamber. There she lay, panting with exertion and afraid to move.

Marietta and her mother, not being able to recognize the intruder, were palsied with

horror, and lay clinging to each other in silence.

The libation, so generously poured by Marm Holbrook, nearly smothered the "Ter-rantaler o' Taos," and in his convulsive struggles to regain his breath, he nearly killed poor Hank.

The latter did not comprehend the situation, but the Tarantula sprung erect, and the screams of the women, above stairs, brought his danger vividly to mind. Giant George might have returned, and if so, might recognize him. Not only this, but the compact he had made with Capitan Black had been broken.

"Dog-gone my iron heart! I must 'tender biz."

The Tarantula rushed out through the kitchen door, and vaulting into his saddle, urged his horse along in the rear of the shanties until clear of the town.

Then he pointed directly toward the Slip-up Mine, secreting himself when he discovered the approach of Arizona Jack and the "citz." He then proceeded onward.

CHAPTER XIII.

NOT ON TIME.

FIFTEEN minutes after the Tarantula of Taos left the Nugget Hotel, the moon arose above the distant plain, a full round orb of silvery brightness, illuminating Sardine-box City, and enabling the "citz," who had groped their way blindly along the wash-out, to see that they had wandered from the direct route.

"Here we are, boys!" exclaimed Arizona Jack. "Here's the stage-trail, and we'll have a show now to corral those cowardly sneaks, if they stand their ground."

"I'm afeerd they'll mash the bestest part o' ther mersheenery," said Tom Jones, dubiously. "If they does, an' we-uns cotches them, we'll hev another Lynch picnic down et ther boulder by ther canyon."

"I'd give five years of my life to see Giant George," asserted Jack, keeping his horse at a pace to allow conversation with the "citz" who were on foot.

Down the decline toward the street they went, in a fast walk, all huddled together, when, just as they neared the first shanties in the line, up from the canyon dashed a horseman, whom all, in a moment, recognized as Giant George.

A yell of joy burst from every throat, and sombreros were thrown into the air, as Lena Reynolds was discovered, held in the scout's embrace.

Arizona Jack galloped to meet him; and was warned, by a gesture from George,

against any expressions in regard to the recent danger the "Angel" had passed through.

"Thank Heaven! you have returned, Pard George!" said Jack, quickly. "How is Mrs. Reynolds? I feared this trip would be too much for her."

"I am feeling very well, I thank you," said Lena, herself. "In fact I have not been so strong for some days. The ride although it prostrated me at first, has been a benefit."

Jack whirled his horse and made a gesture full of caution to the "citz" who approached; but this was unheeded, for, rough men though they were, they knew that any excitement would be injurious to their benefactress. Though it was very necessary that Giant George should know the state of affairs at the mine, and that without delay, all held their peace.

The giant scout, however, knew more than even the "citz" did in regard to the attack; for, as the reader is aware, he had heard the whole plot from the lips of Carlos La Grange, as the miscreant revealed his villainy over the couch of his intended victim in the cave.

This knowledge, coupled with the fact that he had heard the rifle-shots, had caused George to gallop immediately to the "Nugget" and leave there his charge.

"Order the boys to get their rifles!" said Jack, to the sheriff, in a whisper, as they went toward the hotel. Reaching it, he dismounted and rushed into the bar; striking a light, as Giant Grange gave a yell to summon Marm Holbrook.

As the candle flared up, illuminating the bar-room, the head of poor Hank appeared above the counter, his little eyes blood-shot, and his red and swollen features bruised by the rough treatment he had received when the Tarantula came so near being strangled by Marm Holbrook's shower-bath.

But, as the landlord recognized his friends, he raised himself to a standing position on the bar, although trembling greatly, and cried out in his piping voice:

"'Rah fer ther Angel o' Penarlayno Range!"

"Shut up your trap, Hank," ordered Giant George. "Whar's Marm Holbrook?"

"Don't speak harsh to the poor fellow," pleaded Lena.

"Run ther candle out kitchen-way, Jack," said the giant scout. "I reckon Marm Holbrook air up-stairs wi' t'other weemin."

"Giant George! Ye-ou, Giant George! Run up hyer! Thar's a hellyun in ther bed, an' I'm under hit, an' dassent come out. He's a long-legged, slab-sided, long-ha'r'd whisk'-sucker, es big es yerself, ef he's any like his pard."

These words came in a half-smothered

manner from one of the chambers, and Jack, candle in hand, sprung up two stairs at a time, and burst in the door.

Never were there more surprised women than the three in that apartment. The two Castilians having covered their heads with the bed-clothing, which prevented them from recognizing the voice of the landlady.

Notwithstanding the importance of preparing for a defense of the mine, and the danger that threatened it, Jack was compelled to laugh—as well as did Giant George and Lena—at seeing Marm Holbrook crawl out from under the bed, hardly believing her senses when she saw that, in place of a gigantic ruffian, it was Marietta and her mother who occupied the couch.

Smoothing her hair, Marm Holbrook gave vent to her thoughts and opinions at length, to the great amusement of Lena Reynolds, who to the joy of all, appeared much more like herself than she had done since her arrival in Sardine-box City.

Arizona Jack got a chance before George came up, to caution the two Castilian women against saying anything to Lena of her having been in the power of outlaws, for she had been unconscious the whole of the time, and knew nothing whatever in regard to it.

Leaving the women together, to reason out matters as best they might, Giant George and Arizona Jack hastened back to the hotel.

The "citz," armed with their rifles, were ready and eager for Giant George to lead them to the mine.

The latter now hastened out into the street and the "citz" gathered around him.

"Wa-al, boyees," said George, coolly, "what's ther racket at ther Slip-up?"

"Six o' our crowd turned up toes, an' nary one o' us pulled trigger," replied the sheriff. "Thar's a crowd o' hellyuns a-hidin' in ther rocks 'bove ther mine, an' they stampeded ther oxen onter us from the gulch. Then they let fly, without givin' us a show ter shoot. We hed ter levant on ther sly, but I'm inclernated ter think they s'pose we air in ther shaft ontill yit."

"Wa-al, dang my cats!" said the scout "I was perpared fer somethin' o' the sort, but not fer any on yer 'lowin' them ter git ther deadwood on yer!"

"Boyees, ther mersheenery air gone up, an' ther burg air bu'sted, ef we-'uns doesn't play a mighty fine game. I hes jist reskyed ther Angel from ther same outfit, an' sent a red an' a white over ther range."

"I found out thet Capitan Black, from Tucson-way, air ther cuss what's doin' this devilment; an' he's bin paid ter blow everythin' ter giblets."

"Now I hes sworned thet Cap Black shell hang on ther mesquite down by ther boulder

afore another sun-up, an' I means biz. We-'uns must kerral ther hull caboodle. Thar's 'bout a baker's dozen on 'em, an' we'll scoop 'em in, er turn up toes a-tryin'. But this ain't no time ter sling gab."

"Jack, ole pard, take a dozen o' ther boyees an' strike ther basin on ther south side, spreadin' out well an' Tom an' I'll run 'em outen the'r holes from the north an' down ther mounting."

"When yer hear a kiote yelp twicet, an' then onc't, yer'll know that me an' Tom is ready ter open ther big fandango."

"All right, pard. We'll fill the bill," said Jack.

Five minutes more, and the street of Sardine-box City was deserted; but over thirty determined men were making their way toward the range.

The death of their comrades, slain by their sides in a cowardly manner, served to infuriate them with frenzy, which increased each step they took toward the range.

Inured to savage war and every cunning strategy, their approach to the "Slip-up" was as silent and stealthy as that of so many Apaches on the war-path.

Every boulder, thicket and shadow was taken advantage of, and at times they crawled upon hands and knees to conceal their approach. But, to make their attempt more certain of accomplishment, a wide detour was made by both parties.

Giant George, with a part of his men, scaled the mountain-side in the rear of the positions occupied by the outlaws who had fired down upon the unsuspecting citizens.

Here and there, among the boulders and cedars, from the north side of the basin, and up along the cliff, they crouched, a half-circle of hardy miners, with senses on the alert and ready to shoot down the first bandit who should reveal himself.

All were watchful, besides, to detect the approach of Arizona Jack and his party, across the basin to the south; but not a human being was in view, and all was as silent as death.

The wagon-tilts seemed not to have been removed, except where they had been displaced by the stampede.

This was noticed by those who had been present when the maddened mass of oxen had rushed through the basin, and communicated to Giant George, who was greatly relieved by the assurance.

The latter, after conferring with Tom Jones, decided that the outlaws must be ignorant of the retreat of the "citz" to the town, and believed them to be hidden in the rocks by the mine; or they would, ere this, have made an attempt to destroy the machinery, furnaces and mill.

Had they arrived sooner, however, the secret of the inaction of the outlaws under Capitan Black would have been no secret; for, as the latter had decided upon a descent from the mountain side, with the view of destroying the freight of the wagon-train, believing, from the silence, that the "citz" had retreated to the town, although they had not been observed, the gulch side hiding their retreat from view—believing this, he had decided upon immediate action, when he observed the Tarantula ride up the south bank of the gulch, and guiding his horse into a thicket, reappear on foot, with a bottle in one hand, from which he drank, and then descended into the basin.

Rising erect, and climbing upon a bowlder, Capitan Black gave a whistle, sufficiently loud to reach the ears of the burly outlaw, whom he had bribed to blow up the mine.

The Tarantula sprung behind a wagon, on the instant; then, drawing his revolver, he looked up cautiously, and discovered his employer of the morning, who waved his sombrero over his head.

The Tarantula returned the salute, and strode toward the "Slip-up" shaft, down the rough, uneven side of which he clambered. The outlaws, confident that he was making preparations to blow up the mine, and, in so doing, force upward a shower of rocks which, in descending, would shatter the mill, furnaces, and other material, remained inactive, as we have seen.

It was a delay that was, to them, disaster and death.

Long they waited for some signal, or for the reappearance of the Tarantula; but he sat at the bottom of the shaft, gazing at the kegs of powder, and taking frequent drinks from the bottle. Evidently he was meditating upon the policy of proving true to Capitan Black, and listening to the "ding dong of his iron heart."

The ruffian was speculating in his thoughts, whether "ther bestest part o' his 'natermy mightn't strike fire, ignite the powder, an' blow him 'bove ther flip-flop of a buzzard's wing!"

CHAPTER XIV

THE BLOW-UP MINE.

CAPITAN BLACK waited until his patience was exhausted. Then, infuriated at the non-appearance and masterly inactivity of the Tarantula, he gave a signal to his concealed men to descend to the basin, believing that the "citz" must have left the gulch, and were now in Sardine-box City.

This desertion of their valuable property he attributed to the want of a leader, and he

felt sure that his plans had been carried out, by leading Giant George and Arizona Jack up the range on a false trail.

Their absence proved to him that Lena Reynolds had been captured, and was now in the cave, and the outlaw was anxious to perform the remainder of his task, for which he was to be liberally paid by Carlos La Grange, as soon as possible, and return to the barren bend.

The failure of the Tarantula to blow up the mine caused the bandit to be less prudent in his exasperation than he would otherwise have been, for he rushed down the mountain-side, throwing all caution to the winds.

Clambering into the basin, he yelled:

"Shoot that big traitor in the mine, boys! Then smash things up in a hurry!"

Captain Black and his men had not made half a dozen steps from their coverts, when two coyote-yelps broke on the air, followed shortly after by a third.

Then came a low, rolling whistle, and the next moment the "citz" made their way in the track of the outlaws, their thirst for revenge increased by the sight of their slain comrades behind the bowlders.

The outlaws had but just gained the basin, being between the north wall and the wagons, in the clear moonlight, when a fierce yell burst from the throat of Giant George, followed by the report of his rifle.

An answering yell rung out from every one of the "citz" on each side of the basin, and then came blinding sheets of flame and a rattling rifle fusilade, which laid three-fourths of the outlaws dead or writhing in agony in the bed of the basin.

"Kerral ther t'other cusses, an' don't prick tha'r skins!"

Thus yelled the giant scout as he sprung into the basin, and in a moment's time Capitan Black and three of his assassins—all that were able to stand—were bound with lariats and closely guarded. The "citz," in their fury, then riddled the wounded with bullets from their revolvers.

No time was lost in examining the freightage of the wagons, but, as far as could be discovered, none of the heavy castings had been broken by the oxen in their stampede. The tilts were now readjusted, and Giant George, feeling no further anxiety in regard to the safety of the mine, ordered the prisoners to be led forward and down the gulch.

Sullen and speechless, Capitan Black and his companions in crime walked amid the victorious "citz," knowing full well that their fate was sealed!

On they went along the winding gulch into a wash-out, and thence in the rear of the shanties on the west, down to the huge

boulder, which was shadowed by the branches of the big mesquite that had served, as Tom Jones put it, to "civerlize" several outlaws since the settlement of the burg.

Upon this very tree the "citz" were, at one time, about to hang Giant George himself, when he had come into the town in disguise, on the track of spies from the band of outlaws known as the "Panthers," who were "cleaned out" some three months previous to the opening of this narrative.

Upon arriving at the boulder, the four bandits were forced upon it, and the deadly nooses fitted about their necks in ominous silence—the stern, implacable faces of the "citz" lit up by the silvery moon, showing no sign of mercy. It was a weird and impressive scene.

The lariats were run over limbs, and the slack of the same grasped by brawny hands, ready and eager to hurry the murderers of their comrades into eternity.

"Capitan Black, and yeou murderin' galoots—have yer gut ary thing ter spoke, or ary pra'rs ter sling?"

Thus asked Tom Jones, becoming suddenly aware that his official capacity as sheriff ought to be brought to the front in some manner.

"Yer hes shot down some o' our 'citz' in cold bleed, an' ye war cotched in ther act o' tryin' ter bu'st this hyer burg by smashin' ther mersheenery o' ther 'Slip up'; but yer slipped up on thet.

"Sides thet devilment, yer stoled ther Angel o' ther Range, an' would 'a' wiped her out, ef hit hedn't 'a' bin fer Giant George. Yer mought 'a' knowed yer couldn't buck ag'in' a burg what cleaned out ther 'Panthers' o' El Capitan.

"Hes yer ary word ter say ag'in' bein' strung up ter dry?"

"I'm not afraid to 'kick up an' go under,' my impetuous friends," said Capitan Black. "All that I regret is that the instigator of this attack is not to be strung up with us. He is in a cave, with a renegade Indian, on the other side of the range.

"He is a coward, and I was a soft-headed fool to sell myself to him; but I was hard against the wall for 'dust.' Go ahead with your circus, boys! I can dance on nothing as well as any man."

"Dang'd ef he hain't gut sand!" said Tom Jones, in an aside to Giant George.

"Hit's ther wrong sort o' sand," was the scout's reply; "er he wouldn't 'a' shot men in ther back, without givin' 'em a show ter shoot back, er to say a pray'r. We doesn't want none o' thet sort o' sand in Arizone."

At that instant a sheet of lurid flame shot upward, illuminating the towering peaks; then came a deafening explosion, as if the

mountains were rent, and shaking the ground like an earthquake.

Every man sprung upward, as if he had received a powerful shock from an electric battery; and Capitan Black gave out an exultant cry as he exclaimed:

"There goes your old mine. The Ter—"

These were the last words of the outlaw chief; for the voice of Giant George rang out, as his face turned pale with fury.

"Jark 'em up, boyees! Jark ther hell-yuns up!"

The next moment all four men hung in the air, the ends of the lariats were secured to the trunk of the mesquite, and the "citz" in a scattering throng, rushed madly up the gorge to the "Slip-up" Mine, feeling positive that everything was ruined, and that, in consequence, the long-averted catastrophe was upon them, and that Sardine-box City would be a "bu'sted burg."

They had not been gone five minutes when, from out the cedars in the rear of the boulder, spurred the "Tarantula o' Taos," and made halt, sitting his horse and viewing the swaying corpses, as he said:

"Wa-al, dog-gone my iron heart, ef that ain't a neat job! Cap Black, I knowed yer war buckin' ag'in' ther wrong crowd—yer war tew brash.

"Yer orter lingered et Tewcson, fer hit ain't healthy hyer-a-ways fer yer sort o' humans. Gaze et me! I'm still a-floppin' like a bob-tailed buzzard.

"I never spills bleed, but giner'ly talks my game ter death, which ain't no great harm. A leetle fire-work air 'bout all I 'dulges in, an' thet war a axerdunt. I must 'a' drap'd a piece o' punk in ther dang'd ole shaft when I war a-smokin'.

"Hit ain't ther 'Slip-up' no more—hit's ther 'Blow up.' Dang'd ef hit ain't more 'properate.

"Ye're a onlucky set," he continued; "an' w'u'dn't do ter start a stiff yard, er I'd cut yer down, an' plant yer. But I reckon ther citz doesn't keer ter hev another crap o' yer sort raised, 'ceptin' up a limb. But I must peregrernate. So-long, boyees! Whoop-er-up! Whoop er-e-e-e!"

And away went the Tarantula. Soon he disappeared down the side trail into the dark depths of the canyon.

Much to the surprise and joy of Giant George and the "citz," they found upon reaching the mine, that the rocks which had been thrown up by the explosion in the shaft—the origin of which was to all a mystery—had, fortunately, been mostly thrown to the south side of the basin; and, as far as could be seen, no great damage had been done to the freight, although some of the wagons were battered.

All returned to the burg, and found the women had not retired, but were awaiting reports, and greatly frightened at the explosion; but they were ignorant of the execution of the bandits, or of there having been any in the vicinity. Nor was Lena Reynolds yet aware that she had been in the power of the outlaws; never dreaming that Carlos La Grange had been nearer her than St. Louis.

The explosion having been explained as an accident, all were greatly relieved; and, much to the gratification of the "citz," the "Angel" came down into the street, and greeted them all kindly, taking a hand of each in turn.

She seemed, in a single day, and that a day of danger the most deadly—although she was oblivious of the fact—to have recovered much of her former health and spirits.

This caused Giant George the most extravagant joy; and after Hank had given the inevitable:

"'Rah fer ther Angel o' Penarlayno Range!" Lena rejoined Marm Holbrook and the two Castilian women.

As the sun arose, Tom Jones, who had gone to examine the scene of the explosion, came galloping madly toward the town, yelling like a fiend, and with each hand tightly clinched.

On, at headlong speed he dashed, spurring his horse at every bound, until the animal sprung in among the amazed "citz," who thought the sheriff had surely become insane.

Giant George grasped the bridle-rein, and brought the horse to so sudden a halt, that Tom was thrown over the animal's head; but still yelling, and with both hands clinched, the worthy sheriff rolled over and over, stood on his head, shrieked, whooped, howled, and laughed hysterically, until George at length caught him by the nape of the neck and choked him into comparative sense—the "citz" collecting around in the greatest wonder.

"Hold yer mustangs now, Tom Jones," said Giant George. "What in thunderation hev struck yer? Hev yer got a conniption it, er hev yer swallowed a bunch o' prickly pear? Spit her out speedy, an' no goin' roun' ther bush. W'at's thet ye r' clutchin' in yer hands?"

Panting with exertion and excitement,

Tom, seeing there was no escape for him, opened his hands, displaying specimens of the richest gold quartz ever seen by any miner present.

"Whar in thunderation did yer git thet, Tom?" asked the scout quickly, his eyes brightening.

"Ther Slip-up war blowed up, yer know, last night!" yelled the sheriff, insanely.

"Wa-al," said George, "what of hit?"

"Ther hull side air blowed out o' ther shaft," shrieked Tom; "an' thar's a new lead—a new vein laid bare—the richest I ever see'd!"

"Somebody hold me! Somebody hold me, fer I'm goin' ter hev a fit! 'Rah fer Sardine-box City! 'Rah fer ther 'Blow-up' Mine! 'Rah fer ther Angel of Penarlayno Range!"

The yells awoke Hank Holbrook, who sat up on the boulder; and, while winking and blinking like an owl at noontide, hardly realizing where he was, he yelled hoarsely:

"'Rah fer ther Angel o' Penarlayno Range!"

We need only say at this time, that all was as Tom represented, and the "citz" were again almost wild with this fresh excitement.

Lena Reynolds partook of the general jollity; and, forgetting for the time the griefs and trials of the past, entered with not a little spirit into the universal congratulations.

Marm Holbrook put on her "bestest" dress and apron, and vowed that "ef ther boys hed struck it so rich, they must slap up a meetin'-house in Sardine-box City afore another moon."

The quartz-mill and furnaces were soon put in operation; and, in a short time after, the burg was in a fairly flourishing financial condition, with prospects very flattering for the future.

But what pleased all, as much as did the opening of the mine, and the discovery of the rich "lead," was that Lena Reynolds was evidently regaining health and strength.

And thus, in comparative prosperity and happiness, after the various dangers and privations they had passed, we will leave our friends—all joyous, and full of high hopes for the future of Sardine-box City, and especially Giant George, Marm Holbrook, and Lena Reynolds; the hero, mother, and "Angel," respectively, of that promising burg.

BEADLE'S POCKET LIBRARY.

Published Every Wednesday. Each Issue Complete and Sold at the Uniform Price of Five Cents.

- 1 Deadwood Dick, the Prince of the Road. By E. L. Wheeler.
- 2 Kansas King; or, The Red Right Hand. By Buffalo Bill.
- 3 The Flying Yankee; or, The Ocean Outcast. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 4 The Double Daggers; or, Deadwood Dick's Defiance. By Edward L. Wheeler.
- 5 The Two Detectives; or, The Fortunes of a Bowery Girl. By Albert W. Aiken.
- 6 The Prairie Pilot; or, The Phantom Spy. By Buffalo Bill.
- 7 The Buffalo Demon; or, The Border Vultures. By Edward L. Wheeler.
- 8 Antelope Abe, the Boy Guide. By Oll Coomes.
- 9 Ned Wylde, the Boy Scout. By "Texas Jack."
- 10 Buffalo Ben, Prince of the Pistol. By E. L. Wheeler.
- 11 Ralph Roy, the Boy Buccaneer. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 12 Nick o' the Night; or, The Boy Spy of '76. By T. C. Harbaugh.
- 13 Yellowstone Jack; or, The Trappers of the Enchanted Ground. By Joseph E. Badger, Jr.
- 14 Wild Ivan, the Boy Claude Duval. By E. L. Wheeler.
- 15 Diamond Dirk; or, The Mystery of the Yellowstone. By Colonel Prentiss Ingraham.
- 16 Keen-Knife, Prince of the Prairies. By Oll Coomes.
- 17 Oregon Sol, Nick Whiffles's Boy Spy. By J. F. C. Adams.
- 18 Death-Face, the Detective. By E. L. Wheeler.
- 19 Lasso Jack, the Young Mustanger. By Oll Coomes.
- 20 Roaring Ralph Rockwood, the Reckless Ranger. By Harry St. George.
- 21 The Boy Clown; or, The Queen of the Arena. By Frank S. Finn.
- 22 The Phantom Miner; or, Deadwood Dick's Bonanza. By Edward L. Wheeler.
- 23 The Sea-Cat; or, The Witch of Darien. By Capt. Frederick Whittaker.
- 24 The Dumb Spy. By Oll Coomes.
- 25 Rattling Rube; or, The Night Hawks of Kentucky. By Harry St. George.
- 26 Old Avalanche, the Great Annihilator; or, Wild Edna, the Girl Brigand. By E. L. Wheeler.
- 27 Glass-Eye, the Great Shot of the West. By J. F. C. Adams.
- 28 The Boy Captain; or, The Pirate's Daughter. By Roger Starbuck.
- 29 Dick Darling, the Pony Express Rider. By Capt. F. Whittaker.
- 30 Rob Woolf, the Border Ruffian. By Edward L. Wheeler.
- 31 Nightingale Nat; or, The Forest Captains. By T. C. Harbaugh.
- 32 Black John, the Road-Agent; or, The Outlaws' Retreat. By Joseph E. Badger, Jr.
- 33 Omaha Oll, the Masked Terror; or, Deadwood Dick in Danger. By E. L. Wheeler.
- 34 Burt Bunker, the Trapper. By Geo. E. Lasalle.
- 35 The Boy Rifles; or, The Underground Camp. By A. C. Irons.
- 36 The White Buffalo. By George E. Lasalle.
- 37 Jim Bludsoe, Jr., the Boy Phenix; or, Through to Death. By Edward L. Wheeler.
- 38 Ned Hazel, the Boy Trapper. By Captain J. F. C. Adams.
- 39 Deadly Eye, the Unknown Scout. By Buffalo Bill.
- 40 Nick Whiffles's Pet; or, In the Valley of Death. By Capt. J. F. C. Adams.
- 41 Deadwood Dick's Eagles; or, The Pard of Flood Bar. By Edward L. Wheeler.
- 42 The Border King; or, The Secret Foe. By Oll Coomes.
- 43 Old Hickory; or, Pandy Ellis's Scalp. By Harry St. George.
- 44 The White Indian; or, The Scouts of the Yellowstone. By Capt. J. F. C. Adams.
- 45 Buckhorn Bill; or, the Red Rifle Team. By Edward L. Wheeler.
- 46 The Shadow Ship; or, The Rival Lieutenants. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 47 The Red Brotherhood; or, The Twelve Avengers. By W. J. Hamilton.
- 48 Dandy Jack; or, The Outlaw of the Oregon Trail. By T. C. Harbaugh.
- 49 Hurricane Bill; or, Mustang Sam and His Pard. By Joseph E. Badger, Jr.
- 50 Single Hand; or, A Life for a Life. By W. J. Hamilton.
- 51 Patent-leather Joe; or, Old Rattlesnake the Charmer. By Philip S. Warne.
- 52 The Border Robin Hood; or, The Prairie Rover. By Buffalo Bill.
- 53 Gold Rifle, the Sharpshooter. By Edward L. Wheeler.
- 54 Old Zip's Cabin; or, A Greenhorn in the Woods. By Capt. J. F. C. Adams.
- 55 Delaware Dick, the Young Ranger Spy. By Oll Coomes.
- 56 Mad Tom Western, the Texan Ranger. By W. J. Hamilton.
- 57 Deadwood Dick on Deck; or, Calamity Jane. By Edward L. Wheeler.
- 58 Hawkeye Harry, the Young Trapper. By Oll Coomes.
- 59 The Boy Duelist; or, The Cruise of the Sea Wolf. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 60 Abe Colt, the Crow-Killer. By Albert W. Aiken.
- 61 Corduroy Charlie, the Boy Bravo. By Edward L. Wheeler.
- 62 Will Somers, the Boy Detective. By Charles Morris.
- 63 Sol Ginger, the Giant Trapper. By Albert W. Aiken.
- 64 Rosebud Rob; or, Nugget Ned, the Knight of the Gulch. By Edward L. Wheeler.
- 65 Lightning Joe, the Terror of the Prairie. By Capt. J. F. C. Adams.
- 66 Kit Harefoot, the Wood-Hawk. By T. C. Harbaugh.
- 67 Rollo, the Boy Ranger. By Oll Coomes.
- 68 Idyl, the Girl Miner; or, Rosebud Rob on Hand. By Edward L. Wheeler.
- 69 Detective Dick; or, The Hero in Rags. By Chas. Morris.
- 70 Sure Shot Seth, the Boy Rifleman. By Oll Coomes.

BEADLE'S POCKET LIBRARY.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>71 Sharp Sam; or, The Adventures of a Friendless Boy. By J. Alexander Patten.</p> <p>72 The Lion of the Sea; or, The Veiled Lady of San Tropez. By Albert W. Aiken.</p> <p>73 Photograph Phil, the Boy Sleuth; or, Rosebud Rob's Reappearance. By E. L. Wheeler.</p> <p>74 Picayune Pete; or, Nicodemus, the Dog Detective. By Charles Morris.</p> <p>75 Island Jim; or, The Pet of the Family. By Bracebridge Hemyng (Jack Harkaway).</p> <p>76 Watch-Eye, the Shadow. By E. L. Wheeler.</p> <p>77 Dick Dead-Eye, the Boy Smuggler. By Colonel Prentiss Ingraham.</p> <p>78 Deadwood Dick's Device; or, The Sign of the Double Cross. By E. L. Wheeler.</p> <p>79 The Black Mustang; or, The Wild Horse Hunters. By Captain Mayne Reid.</p> <p>80 Old Frosty, the Guide. By T. C. Harbaugh.</p> <p>81 The Sea Viper; or, The Midshipman's Legacy. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.</p> <p>82 Seth Jones; or, The Captives of the Frontier. By E. S. Ellis.</p> <p>83 Canada Chet, the Counterfeiter Chief. By E. L. Wheeler.</p> <p>84 The Dumb Page; or, The Doge's Daughter. By Capt. Frederick Whittaker.</p> <p>85 The Boy Miners; or, The Enchanted Island. By Edward S. Ellis.</p> <p>86 Jack Harkaway in New York. By Bracebridge Hemyng.</p> <p>87 The Hussar Captain; or, The Hermit of Hell Gate. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.</p> <p>88 Deadwood Dick in Leadville; or, A Strange Stroke for Liberty. By Edward L. Wheeler.</p> <p>89 Bill Biddon, Trapper, or, Life in the Northwest. By Edward S. Ellis.</p> <p>90 Tippy, the Texan; or, The Young Champion. By George Gleason.</p> <p>91 Mustang Sam, the King of the Plains. By Jos. E. Badger, Jr.</p> <p>92 The Ocean Bloodhound; or, the Red Pirates of the Caribbees. By Samuel W. Pearce.</p> <p>93 Phil Hardy, the Boss Boy; or, The Mystery of the Stronghold. By Charles Morris.</p> <p>94 Deadwood Dick as Detective. By E. L. Wheeler.</p> <p>95 Buck Buckram; or, Bess the Female Trapper. By Captain J. F. C. Adams.</p> <p>96 Gilt-Edged Dick. By Edward L. Wheeler.</p> <p>97 The Black Steed of the Prairies. By James L. Bowen.</p> <p>98 The Sea Serpent; or, The Boy Robinson Crusoe. By Juan Lewis.</p> <p>99 Bonanza Bill, the Man Tracker; or, the Secret Twelve. By E. L. Wheeler.</p> <p>100 Nat Todd; or, The Fate of the Sioux Captive. By E. S. Ellis.</p> <p>101 Daring Davy, the Young Bear Killer; or, The Trail of the Border Wolf. By Harry St. George.</p> <p>102 The Yellow Chief; or, The Half-Blood's Vengeance. By Capt. Mayne Reid.</p> <p>103 Chip, the Girl Sport. By Edward L. Wheeler.</p> <p>104 The Black Schooner; or, Jib Junk, the Old Tar. By Roger Starbuck.</p> <p>105 Handsome Harry, the Bootblack Detective. By Charles Morris.</p> <p>106 Night-Hawk Kit; or, The Daughter of the Ranch. By Joseph E. Badger, Jr.</p> <p>107 Jack Hoyle's Lead; or, The Road to Fortune. By Edward L. Wheeler.</p> | <p>108 Rocky Mountain Kit, the White Mustang. By T. C. Harbaugh.</p> <p>109 The Branded Hand; or, The Man of Mystery. By Frank Dumont.</p> <p>110 The Dread Rider; or, The Texan Duellist. By George W. Browne.</p> <p>111 Boss Bob, the King of Bootblacks. By Edward L. Wheeler.</p> <p>112 The Helpless Hand. By Capt. Mayne Reid.</p> <p>113 Scar-Faced Saul, the Silent Hunter. By Oli Coomes.</p> <p>114 Piney Paul, the Mountain Boy. By T. C. Harbaugh.</p> <p>115 Deadwood Dick's Double; or, The Ghost of Gorgon's Gulch. By Edward L. Wheeler.</p> <p>116 Jabez Coffin, Skipper; or, Lost in the Polar Regions. By Capt. F. Whittaker.</p> <p>117 Fancy Frank of Colorado; or, The Trapper's Trust. By "Buffalo Bill."</p> <p>118 Will Wildfire, the Thoroughbred; or, The Winning Hand. By Chas. Morris.</p> <p>119 Blonde Bill; or, Deadwood Dick's Home Base. By Edward L. Wheeler.</p> <p>120 Gopher Gid, the Boy Trapper. By T. C. Harbaugh.</p> <p>121 Harry Armstrong, the Captain of the Club. By Bracebridge Hemyng, (Jack Harkaway).</p> <p>122 The Hunted Hunter; or, The Strange Horseman of the Prairie. By Edward S. Ellis.</p> <p>123 Solid Sam, the Boy Road-Agent. By Edward L. Wheeler.</p> <p>124 Judge Lynch, Jr.; or, The Boy Vigilante. By T. C. Harbaugh.</p> <p>125 The Land Pirates; or, The League of Devil's Island. By Capt. Mayne Reid.</p> <p>126 Blue Blazes; or, The Break o' Day Boys of Rocky Bar. By Frank Dumont.</p> <p>127 Tony Fox, the Ferret; or, Boss Bob's Boss Job. By Edward L. Wheeler.</p> <p>128 Will Wildfire's Racer; or, Winning Against Odds. By Charles Morris.</p> <p>129 Eagle Kit, the Boy Demon. By Oli Coomes.</p> <p>130 Gold Trigger, the Sport; or, The Girl Avengers. By T. C. Harbaugh.</p> <p>131 A Game of Gold; or, Deadwood Dick's Big Strike. By Edward L. Wheeler.</p> <p>132 Dainty Lance, the Boy Sport. By Joseph E. Badger, Jr.</p> <p>133 Wild-fire, the Boss of the Road. By Frank Dumont.</p> <p>134 Mike Merry, the Harbor Police Boy. By Chas. Morris.</p> <p>135 Deadwood Dick of Deadwood; or, The Picked Party. By Edward L. Wheeler.</p> <p>136 Old Rube, the Hunter. By Capt. Hamilton Holmes.</p> <p>137 Dandy Rock, the Man from Texas. By G. Waldo Browne.</p> <p>138 Bob Rockett, the Boy Dodger. By Chas. Morris.</p> <p>139 The Black Giant; or, Dainty Lance in Jeopardy. By Jos. E. Badger, Jr.</p> <p>140 Captain Arizona, the King Pin of Road-Agents. By Philip S. Warne.</p> <p>141 New York Nell, the Boy-Girl Detective. By E. L. Wheeler.</p> <p>142 Little Texas, the Young Mustang. By Oli Coomes.</p> <p>143 Deadly Dash; or, Fighting Fire with Fire. By Jos. E. Badger, Jr.</p> |
|--|---|

BEADLE'S POCKET LIBRARY.

- 144 Little Grit, the Wild Rider. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 145 The Tiger of Taos; or, Wild Kate, Dandy Rock's Angel. By Geo. Waldo Browne.
- 146 The Cattle King; or, Cortina's Right Bower. By Frank Dumont.
- 147 Nobby Nick of Nevada; or, the Scamps of the Sierras. By Edward L. Wheeler.
- 148 Thunderbolt Tom; or, the Wolf-Herder of the Rockies. By Harry St. George.
- 149 Bob Rockett, the Bank Runner. By Charles Morris.
- 150 The Mad Miner; or, Dandy Rock's Doom. By G. Waldo Browne.
- 151 The Sea Trailer; or, A Vow Well Kept. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 152 Dandy Darke; or, The Tigers of High Pine. By W. H. Eyster.
- 153 Wild Frank, the Buckskin Bravo. By E. L. Wheeler.
- 154 The Boy Trailers; or, Dainty Lance on the War-Path. By Jos. E. Badger, Jr.
- 155 Gold Plume, the Boy Bandit. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 156 Will Wildfire in the Woods. By C. Morris.
- 157 Ned Temple, the Border Boy. By T. C. Harbaugh.
- 158 Deadwood Dick's Doom; or, Calamity Jane's Last Adventure. By E. L. Wheeler.
- 159 Patent-Leather Joe's Defeat; or, The Lady Road-Agent. By Philip S. Warne.
- 160 Buffalo Billy, the Boy Bullwhacker; or, The Doomed Thirteen. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 161 Bob Rockett, the Cracksman. By C. Morris.
- 162 Little Hurricane, the Boy Captain. By Oil Coomes.
- 163 Deadwood Dick's Dream; or, the Rivals of the Road. By E. L. Wheeler.
- 164 Tornado Tom; or, Injun Jack from Red Core. By T. C. Harbaugh.
- 165 Buffalo Bill's Bet; or, The Gambler Guide. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 166 Will Wildfire Wins and Loses; or, "A Trump Card." By Charles Morris.
- 167 Dandy Rock's Pledge; or, Hunted to Death. By George W. Browne.
- 168 Deadwood Dick's Ward; or, The Black Hills Jezebel. By Edward L. Wheeler.
- 169 The Boy Champion. By Edward Willett.
- 170 Bob Rockett's Fight for Life; or, Shadowed in New York. By Charles Morris.
- 171 Frank Morton, the Boy Hercules. By Oil Coomes.
- The Yankee Ranger; or, Dusky Darrell. By Edwin Emerson.
- 173 Dick Dingle, Scout; or, The Frontier Angel. By Edward S. Ellis.
- 174 Dandy Rock's Scheme; or, The Golden Hand. By G. W. Browne.
- 175 The Arab Detective; or, Snoozer, The Boy Sharp. By Edward L. Wheeler.
- 176 Will Wildfire's Pluck; or, The Hidden Hand. By Charles Morris.
- 177 The Boy Commander; or, The Maid of Perth. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 178 The Maniac Hunter; or, The Mysteries of Night Island. By Burton Saxe.
- 179 Dainty Lance; or, The Mystic Marksman. By J. E. Badger, Jr.
- 180 The Boy Gold-Hunter; or, Navajo Nick's Scout. By T. C. Harbaugh.
- 181 The Scapegrace Son. By Charles Morris.
- 182 The Dark-Skinned Scout; or, The Freebooters of the Mississippi. By Lieut. Col. Hazeltine.
- 183 Jabez Dart, Detective; or, The Hermit Trapper. By Oil Coomes.
- 184 Featherweight, the Boy Spy. By Ed. Willett.
- 185 Bison Bill, the Overland Prince. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 186 Dainty Lance and His Pard. By J. E. Badger, Jr.
- 187 The Trapped Tiger King; or, Dark Paul's Plot. By Charles Morris.
- 188 The Ventriloquist Detective. A Romance of Rogues. By Edward L. Wheeler.
- 189 Old Rocky's Boys; or, Bonito, the Young Mustang-Breaker. By Maj. Sam. S. Hall.
- 190 Sim Simpkins, Scout; or, The Faithful Mountain Mastiff. By James L. Bowen.
- 191 Dandy Rock's Rival; or, The Mysterious Wolf Rider. By Geo. Waldo Browne.
- 192 Hickory Harry; or, Roaring Ralph, the Ventriloquist. By Harry St. George.
- 193 Detective Josh Grim; or, The Young Gladiator's Game. By Edward L. Wheeler.
- 194 Prospect Pete, the Boy Miner. By Oil Coomes.
- 195 The Tenderfoot Trailer; or, Plucky Phil, of the Mountain. By T. C. Harbaugh.
- 196 The Dandy Detective; or, The Abducted Boy Mystery. By Charles Morris.
- 197 Roy, the Young Cattle King; or, The Texan Sport Unmasked. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 198 Ebony Dan's Mask; or, The Rival Leagues of the Mines. By Frank Dumont.
- 199 Dictionary Nat, Detective; or, Bill Bravo, the Bear Tamer. By T. C. Harbaugh.
- 200 The Twin Horsemen; or, The Brothers of the Plumed Lance. By Capt. Frederick Whittaker.
- 201 Dandy Darke's Pards; or, The Hawks of High Pine. By Wm. R. Eyster.
- 202 Tom, the Texan Tiger; or, Old Luke's Luck. By Oil Coomes.
- 203 Sam, the Office Boy; or, The Tables Turned. By Charles Morris.
- 204 The Young Cowboy; or, The Girl Trailer's Triumph. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 205 The Frontier Detective; or, Sierra Sam's Scheme. By E. L. Wheeler.
- 206 White Lightning; or, the Boy Ally. By T. C. Harbaugh.
- 207 Kentuck Talbot's Band; or, The Red Lasso. By Captain Mark Wilton.
- 208 Trapper Tom's Castle Mystery; or, Dashing Dick's Disguise. By Oil Coomes.
- 209 The Messenger-Boy Detective; or, The Tables Turned. By Charles Morris.

BEADLE'S POCKET LIBRARY.

Published Every Wednesday. Each Issue Complete and Sold at the Uniform Price of Five Cents.

- 210 The Hunchback of the Mines; or, Reckless Ralph, the Road-Agent. By Jos. E. Badger, Jr.
- 211 Little Giant and His Band; or Despard, the Duelist. By P. S. Warne.
- 212 The Jintown Sport; or, Gypsy Jack in Colorado. By E. L. Wheeler.
- 213 The Pirate's Prize; or, The Mysterious Yankee Schooner. By C. Dunning Clark.
- 214 Dandy Dave, of Shasta; or, The 'Frisco Flash o' Lightning. By T. C. Harbaugh.
- 215 Daring Dan, the Ranger; or, The Denver Detective. By Oil Coomes.
- 216 The Cowboy Captain; or, Ranger Ralph's Ruin. By Colonel Prentiss Ingraham.
- 217 Bald Head of the Rockies; or, The Ang'l of the Range. By Major Sam S. Hall.
- 218 The Miner Sport; or, Sugar-Coated Sam's Claim. By Edward L. Wheeler.
- 219 Buck, the Detective; or, Paul, the Boy Pard. By Albert W. Aiken.
- 220 Crack-Shot Frank; or, Bill Bounce, the Mountain Bravo. By Charles Morris.
- 221 Merle the Middy; or, A Waif of the Waves. By Colonel Prentiss Ingraham.
- 222 Rosebud Ben's Boys; or, The Young Prairie Rangers. By Oil Coomes.
- 223 Gold Conrad's Watch-Dogs; or, The Two Pards of Vulture Bar. By T. C. Harbaugh.
- 224 Frisky Fe gus, the New York Boy. By G. L. Aiken.
- 225 Dick Drew, the Miner's Son; or, Apollo Bill, the Road-Agent. By Edward L. Wheeler.
- 226 Dakota Dick in Chicago; or, Jack, the Old Tar. By Charles Morris.
- 227 Merle, the Boy Cruiser; or, Brandt, the Buccaneer. By Colonel Prentiss Ingraham.
- 228 The Preacher Detective; or, The Boy Ventriloquist. By Oil Coomes.
- 229 Old Hickory's Grit. By John J. Marshall.
- 230 The Three Boy Sports; or, The Sword Hunters. By Captain Frederick Whittaker.
- 231 Sierra Sam, the Detective. By Ed. L. Wheeler.
- 232 Merle Monte's Treasure; or, Buccaneer Brandt's Threat. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 233 Rocky Rover Kit; or, Davy Crockett's Crooked Trail. By Ensign C. D. Warren.
- 234 Baldy, the Miner Chief. By Capt. J. F. C. Adams.
- 235 Jack Stump's Cruise; or, The Montpelier's Mutineers. By Roger Starbuck.
- 236 Sierra Sam's Double; or, The Three Female Detectives. By Ed. L. Wheeler.
- 237 Newsboy Ned, Detective; or, Two Philadelphia Gamins. By Charles Morris.
- 238 Merle Monte's Sea-Scraper; or, Little Belt's Droll Disguise. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 239 Ben's Big Boom; or, The Boss Miner's League. By Capt. Mark Wilton.
- 240 Sharp Shot Mike; or, Columbia Jim on the War-Path. By Oil Coomes.
- 241 Sierra Sam's Sentence; or, Little Luck at Rough Ranch. By Edward L. Wheeler.
- 242 The Denver Detective; or, Dainty Dot at Gold Gulch. By T. C. Harbaugh.
- 243 Dutch San's Dilemma; or, The Mysterious Mountain Monster. By Maj. L. W. Carson.
- 244 Merle Monte's Disguise; or, The Capture of Brandt, the Buccaneer. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 245 Bldy's Boy Partner; or, Young Brainerd's Steam Man. By Edward S. Ellis.
- 246 Detective Keen's Apprentice; or, James Jumper the New York Gamin. By Charles Morris.
- 247 The Girl Sport; or, Jumbo Joe's Disguise. By Edward L. Wheeler.
- 248 Giant George's Pard; or, Arizona Jack, the Tenderfoot. By Buckskin Sam.
- 249 Ranch Rob's Wild Ride; or, Old Winch The Rifle King. By T. C. Harbaugh.
- 250 Merle Monte's Pardon; or, The Pirate Chief's Doom. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 251 The Deaf Detective; or, Weasel, the Boy Tramp. By Edward Willett.
- 252 Denver Doll's Device; or, The Detective Queen. By Edward L. Wheeler.
- 253 The Boy Tenderfoot; or, Roaring Ben Bundy of Colorado. By Capt. Mark Wilton.
- 254 Black Hills Ben; or, Dutch Jan on the War Path. By Maj. Lewis W. Carson.
- 255 Jolly Jim, Detective; or, The Young Protege's Victory. By Charles Morris.
- 256 Merle Monte's Last Cruise; or, The Sea Robber at Bay. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 257 The Boy Chief of Rocky Pass; or, The Young California Pards. By Maj. E. L. St. Vrain.
- 258 Denver Doll as Detective. By E. L. Wheeler.
- 259 Little Foxeye, the Colorado Spy. By Oil Coomes.
- 260 Skit, the Cabin Boy. By Edward Willett.
- 261 Bl-de, the Sport, or, the Giant of Clear Grit Camp. By T. C. Harbaugh.
- 262 Billy, the Boy Rover; or, Terror Tom of Texas. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 263 Buster Bob's Buoy; or, Lige, the Light-House Keeper. By Capt. J. F. C. Adams.
- 264 Denver Doll's Partner; or, Big Buckskin the Sport. By E. L. Wheeler.
- 265 Billy, the Baggage Boy; or, The Young Railroad Detective. By Charles Morris.
Ready February 6.
- 266 Guy's Boy Chum; or, The Forest Waif's Mask. By Capt. Comstock.
Ready February 13.
- 267 Giant George's Revenge; or, The Boys of "Slip up Mine." By Buckskin Sam.
Ready February 20.
- 268 The Dead Shot Dandy; or, The Rio Grande Marauders. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
Ready February 27.
- 269 The Quartzville Boss; or, Daring David Darko. By Edward Willett.
Ready March 6.

BEADLE'S POCKET LIBRARY is for sale by all News-dealers, five cents a copy, or sent by mail on receipt of six cents each.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, Publishers,
98 William Street, New York. 1